

# Maclean's

**CANADA'S  
RESURGENT  
MONARCH**







# Interview

With John Roberts and Jean-Luc Pépin of the Unity Task Force

It has been said that all John Roberts and Jean-Luc Pépin have in common is a moustache. The graft manager Roberts is a former Premier of Ontario and a committed Conservative. Pépin, the bubbly philosopher-bureaucrat who headed the Anti-Inflation Board, is a devout Liberal. Last July the two men were made co-chairmen of the Task Force on Canadian Unity, replete with a staff of 50 and a budget of three million dollars. Over the next few months, the task force will fan out across the country, sifting the cause of Confederation. Muskrat asked Keith Spicer, former Commissioner of Official Languages, to probe the reasoning behind the task force with the co-chairmen.



Pépin, Roberts and interviewer Spicer: a few thoughts before they hit the road

**Muskrat:** Mr. Pépin, you are alleged to have said that the Task Force on Canadian Unity was set up to give Mr. Trudeau the possibility of saying that he was doing something about national unity. What have you to say about this?

**Pépin:** It's another instance of how differently the same thing can be said. When I said it that my impression was that Mr. Trudeau wanted to be able to say if ever things turned sour that he had used all available instruments, that he had used federal-provincial conferences, that he had used his own improvement on the Commission through the task force and what not.

**Muskrat:** Mr. Roberts, about 10 years ago you were the proponent and the organizer of the Confederation of Tomorrow Conference which was very successful and issued a lot of papers about the possibility of using provincial initiatives to rebuild Canada more quickly. How do you feel about the conference in retrospect and what do you think about the provinces taking some new initiatives today?

**Roberts:** Well, this conference was purely my own initiative and that of my government, but I must suggest it is a federal-provincial conference in Ottawa because I really became very tired of every one of our federal-provincial conferences degenerating into an impasse about money. It seemed to me that there were a lot of other issues in the country other than money that were worthy of discussion and examination. So, I suggested that I might call a conference to take a look at Confederation as it was and what it might be in the future and what our ideas were from one end of the country to the other so to what the future of the country might be. Particularly as it was our 100th birthday in 1967. Well, this idea received very curious but intense

dislike approval. And then the conference disbanded and I set about doing it. Well, the first thing that I had to find out was whether the other provinces were interested and, of course, in the event they were—I cite remember speaking to a Mr. (Daniel) Johnson who was a personal friend of mine at that time and my phone to him was "Daniel, I'll give you the biggest soapbox in Canada to tell the people of Canada what you really want for your province. And we'll have a discussion about the country from everybody's point of view provincially." But the one thing about that conference that was never mentioned was money. It wasn't allowed on the agenda. The federal people when I finally got around to doing it were definitely irritated.

**Muskrat:** In summary I get the impression that Mr. Trudeau and Mr. Lévesque are engaged in a kind of *Grouse City* show and at night noon. And the rest of us, particularly those provincial politicians, are supposed to wait until all this and I wonder if you would go as far now as to invite the provinces to get off the pot and start inventing more activities getting together and formulating an inter-provincial policy. Don't you think that at some stage the more English speaking provinces, if they really are as fed up with Ottawa's national unity efforts as they say they are, should get together and start proposing some alternate to politics?

**Roberts:** Well, I think that the participation of the provinces in the whole debate is

absolutely vital because in the pre-1967 period it was in our history, I would say that the provincial governments have more credibility with the citizen than the federal government does.

**Pépin:** And this is where the provinces, those that you referred to and a task force like ours have really a common objective. The third option is going to be the biggest thing in Canada in the coming year.

**Muskrat:** It is not wrong in the past trouble between you and Mr. Trudeau that when you use the term third option you must be implying some dissatisfaction with the federal option the way it has handled.

**Pépin:** Well, he implies dissatisfaction with it also. When he goes to Washington and talks about the need for accommodation when he comes back to Canada and says that he is willing to reverse everything from A to Z, and then when he returns and the creation of our task force in the House of Commons and suggested that we come up with new ideas. So accordingly one could very well say that a third option is what Mr. Trudeau hopes to get from all this. And I think that when you talk about the type of integration of political and psychological aspect of the discussion we're in now. It's very difficult for either Mr. Trudeau or Mr. Lévesque openly to suggest such other options. It's very difficult because in some ways they're slaves of their position as heads of governments. So in a situation like this if you want to prevent the by-election at the Grouse City choice, I would hope that the provinces, the task force, the University of

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Toronto Conference, or whoever, would come up with elements constituting a third option.

**Maclean:** How radical are you prepared to be in preparing constitutional changes? Could you go as far as to accept minority status in your jurisdiction with the right of secession?

**Pipkin:** Well, I don't know myself how far we're going to go because we haven't really started discussion on these major substantive issues. But I think that we should eventually try to go the limit of it. I would, I think, we've got to find something, obviously, and how that will lead on I have no idea.

**Roberts:** A great, great deal of what this task force is going to attempt to do is put people in a position where they have the necessary knowledge to make decisions for themselves. And of course the true significance of when you have parliament, an association and the right to secede and so on, really isn't thoroughly understood in its total effect. And we have to do a lot of research in this area and make material available, and it won't necessarily be the opinion of the task force. But do we really know what, for instance, would happen to minority rights if Quebec did secede? Do we really know what is going to happen to the relationship between industrial Quebec and industrial Ontario? And there's that four-lane highway between Montreal and Toronto. Do we really know what's really going to happen to Winnipeg? Do we really know what's going to happen on the West Coast? I don't think we do. I think we're having a great time and a lot of us emotional boger talking about some things when we really don't know generally what the results of various courses of action might be. I think it's time that we started to think about it.

**Pipkin:** This third option which is something between the status quo and some extreme association has got to be formed. And the greater number of intelligent people who work in this area the better. So when I talk about a third option I don't just talk about constitutional revision. There are some things, in my view, which are fundamental to that. How can you have a political federal superstructure when the contrary itself is not fully motivated, is not reform psychologically, when you have institutions on the private sector, professional associations of all kinds who claim to be Canadian institutions when they really care only to get off?

**Maclean:** We'll just to summarize what you're telling us about the mandate of the commission, could we begin to see some order of priority what you're going to get at within two, three, four, five years of your work and perhaps two or three years of consultation and listening? First of all a new constitution which is along the pipe, the lawyers will plaster that together. Secondly, a political structure that will send the sheriff to New Brunswick and make sure that you're going to let people know what's in store for them,

what the stakes in Canada are right now. **Pipkin:** Well I don't know if I would put it in the order that you've just put it in right now, but one of our first preoccupations that will keep us busy for three or four months will be exactly that, to establish the dialogue with the population. Our mandate is in three parts. We're just pausing with a wide berth. The first one is we're supposed to support the efforts of the public at large and within that public particularly unity groups and associations in general. The second part is that we're supposed to produce our own upskikes and so



**Roberts:** the solution will not be one imposed upon people by anybody at the top

our own ideas. And another three or so are one of the things to do, to involve in these matters of unity. Our role is to advise to the government but preoccupied a number of people. They think that we're going to keep all this wisdom exclusively to the ownership of the federal government. I think we can reassure these people that all the good ideas will be seriously and enthusiastically disseminated in the population.

**Maclean:** As the opposition parties accept your goodwill and want you to play a supportive role?

**Roberts:** I would think to think you the role of the opposition is to oppose, and therefore they look upon various initiatives taken by the federal government with a certain amount of suspicion and this is natural. But we have visited Mr. Broadbent and Mr. Clark and Mr. Cusumano and discussed with each of them separately our mission and what we're doing. And I think

we're completely accepted. Yes.

**Maclean:** And, moving toward public opinion in general, isn't there a danger of overdoing the humility approach in going to the people, in going to the grass and saying we're here again, folks to listen to you. Aren't they going to say, hey, listen you've been treating us like idiots from Ottawa since 1982, now the task commission, allegedly to psychoanalyze this crazy country—now what are you sending all these people out there for? (Don't you know what you're doing?) Haven't you got some of your experts yet? Can't you give us a piece or two that we can latch on to?

**Roberts:** Oh, I think there's this task in everything, certainly that you create your own credibility and I guess if we can't create it then we will not have been successful.

**Pipkin:** My answer to that is we're not exactly what you seem to imply. We're not only going to ask people what is it that you think. Obviously we wouldn't have to go ourselves. What we're going to undertake is what we refer to as conversations. So there'll be "give and take" and consequently there'll be a growing in acceptance of the notion. So it's an exercise in mutual education and we'll do that really for three months. And then after that in the second phase of our mission that is where we're going to consult with a number of acknowledged experts in these matters and study those problems ourselves.

**Maclean:** I'll let you have a rule that I observed when I was in the government a while back. We had Agriculture, Canada and Atomic Energy Canada. I was going to call the last thing *Canastrophs Canada* as a call sign if you can see it.

**Roberts:** Well, whatever name you have then, it'll be some dreamers and there'll be somebody who will find a way.

**Pipkin:** And, Spence, you mustn't take upon yourself the job of teaching Roberts and the humility.

**Maclean:** You're masters of humility. That's one of our fortitudes.

**Maclean:** Modesty is one of your best qualities.

**Pipkin:** No, no this is an exercise and we're aware of it, Mr. Roberts more than myself, nevertheless we are pretty experienced in these matters. This might not be a crushing success. We have to make sure that in any case somebody in 1997 had to try what we are going to try.

**Roberts:** What we are doing really is only one initiative. It's not the only thing that the federal government will do. It's not the only thing that will be done by the majority. If we act in some sort of catalyst—and believe us we've got a lot of seed over 80 citizen organizations, who have sprung up in response to the great Canadian crisis—well that's great. Our function is not to be a grass body that monopolizes in your deal but one that can help lead some of the people of this country to solve their own problems because that is the only way that it will be

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saved for any length of time or forever. It will bring us a state that will be up and from within the people. It will be a situation that will be imposed upon them by anybody from the top. Someone with real political genius will have to recognize what the people of this country want to keep their rights, because in diversity there are no winners.

**Maclean's:** So you're going to quote the venerable Canadian unity group a lot of moral backing. How are you going to coordinate them in practical terms?

**Robarts:** Well, don't you see, they celebrate themselves. They all have independent concerns. They've all chosen their own particular line of endeavor. They've got different objectives. What we hope to do is to keep in contact with them and by sorting all that out, to find out if there is a common pattern running through this which could lead to concerns of action that might be acceptable and desired by groups of Canadians.

**Maclean's:** You'll be meeting all of these groups separately, but will you pull them together for national conferences and, if you do, isn't there a danger of setting up still another permanent association?

**Robarts:** There are a million dangers in this whole business. But look, we can't afford to lose by default.

**Maclean's:** You had some difficulties in getting Quebec members. Have you noticed already from reactions of people you know in Quebec that the show on the road is not a success?

**Pépén:** Yes, the reception given to the appointment of Madame Chagnon-Beaudry particularly was close to disastrous.

**Maclean's:** You have said that you hope to see Mr. Lévesque and members of his cabinet. Have you any indication they're going to give you a fair hearing?

**Pépén:** We're going to start our tour in three weeks time [it begins in the week beginning September 10]. When we are in a certain province we make it a practice of dropping in to see the government of the province. So, we will make ourselves available in Quebec. Whether we will be received or not, is anybody's guess. I would suggest that they will give us some aid.

**Maclean's:** One other public act that you've given is lower travelling rates for the young people in Quebec. In particular, the young lady being Quebec is pretty heavily featured and she looks like she's getting shot messenger load and clear. The Quebec government does not want the children to hear the other side of the story perhaps. Are you going to do anything to go through to the children by reference to radio or TV or whatever?

**Pépén:** Well, we might try it just because we would like a representative of that to which would demonstrate that the government is not an enemy in other respects of the youth there. But there is no way in one year that we can contact every single person and develop a program for every single group. So we'll have to do a little while ago, just with a wide brush.

**Maclean's:** I'd like to ask a new-old journalistic question about what chances are likely to arise about you in 10 years.

**Robarts:** I think it's very hard to forecast. Personally, I think it's going to be a long, laborious process. I think that Mr. Lévesque faces an enormous problem with his historic. When the group to hold it's pure want people might think he should hold it soon while he's got all the enthusiasm of his electoral win and before the inevitable disillusionment sets in because it always does. Every politician of my experience knows that the immediate



**Pépén:** will we get a fair hearing from Mr. Lévesque? I think he will give us some time

post-election—when you've had a big win politically you start to almost believe your own publicity. That's a very dangerous question but there are not cut-and-dried answers. They are not well understood when people don't really know the ultimate effect of various courses of action that may be offered to them and I think there is going to be confusion. I don't think the matter will be settled quickly because it's a really complex and difficult to understand. I think that this problem is going to be with us.

**Maclean's:** Five to 10 years?

**Robarts:** Well, five to 10 years, why not? Four to six, two to eight, that's all difficult to say in those terms. It's just that as you look at the problem it's just not simply a chronic problem that you can say well, that's what we'll do, what's new? It's just not that simple.

**Pépén:** Well, there's a new dimension

known as the referendum. In a year or so people are going to be asked to get off the pot and say if they are in favor of this or that. Personally, and I think that I have implied that very strongly, I don't know what's going to happen. It doesn't matter. People have to learn as the coming year at two or three to do things irrespective of the final result. That's probably my greatest contribution at this point to this interview. They have to act as if it was going to be a relative success and make the most now, make the necessary changes in attitudes, social and economic, irrespective of the result.

**Maclean's:** Confidence generates the solution.

**Pépén:** As you know, René, I've been out of the district for five or six years and because I did something else—anti-inflation and trading horses—I can't help it. But there's no doubt that on the French speaking Quebec side a number of us wanted to make an important contribution to the solution of the national issue. I think that we were doing very, very well. I remember (Maurice) Sauvé's speech in 1967 in which he said: "You guys think we should reject. I'm here to tell you that we are in great, great trouble. And I'm here to tell you what kind of trouble we're in." So Sauvé and very bloody that '67 was outrageous a very, very negative reaction. I feel a bit and because when we were making those speeches people listened to all of that and I remember vividly Pélissier with his usual wit and charm and so on, he'd think it was serious. And consequently they all sat around, laughed at my jokes. Does he (she) or doesn't she speak French? The way of discussion is bilingual and it makes every the fear of being alone and that sort of thing.

**Maclean's:** I had the same problem because I hope making your jokes.

**Pépén:** They laugh at all of this but they don't take it in. It didn't apply to them. And consequently it's only now that we're all under the pressure because of separation in Quebec, that some people are now willing to go further—Gastin is willing to go further with an educational system and they might touch the court system too. And it's not just passing something that is broken down what they had with respect to the teaching of French.

**Maclean's:** There's a lot of doubt and reservation.

**Pépén:** And it's too bad. Isn't it sad but that it's only when people are pressed to the wall that they decide to make necessary moves. Now he's changed that, Mr. Robarts. I'm not sure to say that it's 10 years from now. I'm not sure to say that it's all English Canada's fault. But with all the fault that the French Canadians have had in the past, and they're substantial, nevertheless it's got to be admitted that the English-speaking population and those in Quebec particularly haven't shown, in anybody said recently, due to the treaty to which the French people were entitled in this country.

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# Letters

## Did somebody stumble into the wrong church?

Habert de Santam, the author of *A Last Of Faith* (September 5), is one of the many who has never involved himself enough easily to understand the Catholic Church's

As an elderly Catholic who has been able to ride with the punches for 15 years of controversy within the Church, I was barely interested in *A Last Of Faith*. De Santam certainly has his facts straight: one has only to go to Mass on a Sunday to observe that there are not as many people there as there used to be. However, just about everybody now agrees. Condemned. It used to be that only 95 or so would "receive." So that, I would say, is a plus for the post-Vatican II Church.

J. M. MACAULAY  
NELSON, BC

The Roman Catholic Church must be a great institution or it could not have come through these 2,000 years. In spite of failures in the hierarchy, it has survived unbroken through the vicissitudes of its history from Christ. "Thou art Peter..." It moves forward with more than 400 million faithful followers. Habert de Santam's opinions notwithstanding.

CLARENCE GOODE, VICTORIA

I consider myself neither "liberal" nor "conservative"—just a monk and like Catholic. I think you gave too much attention to liberal and conservative news and developments in *A Last Of Faith*. I also think that Martin's theory that Pope John XXIII and Vatican II helped to "kick out the underpinnings" and stability of the Church is false. Look about you and observe the vast changes in the minds of society and you will see that the loss of members from the Church would have been as heavy or even heavier had it not been for Vatican II. Note the simultaneous losses from all the major churches in North

America and the growth of the Church in other lands. The problem is not a church; it's people. Any institution is only as good as its people.

FRANK FLAME, SASKATOON

**Quieter—and thriving—alternatives**  
*Where Have All The Churches Gone?* (August 25) was informative in that it illustrated the near-collapse of the so-called Atlantic press in the Maritimes. However, what the author, Silver Donald Cameron, and former editor Brenda Large failed (or neglected) to mention was that The 4th Estate's circulation dropped dramatically in the last years of its publication. In fact, editorial space was sometimes devoted to the promotion of subscription drives to keep the paper alive. Surely that says something about how well The 4th Estate catered to the needs of its readers. Also, the assumption that grey-haired newspapering was the sole province of pages such as The 4th Estate is another misconception. The Atlantic provinces do have other weekly newspapers that take strong editorial stands. Judging by their rising circulations, they must be doing something right.

MARGARET DAVID, EDITOR  
THE HANTS JOURNAL, WINGFIELD, NS

**Just as new 'unknown' Canadian here**  
In her review of the *Mac* drama *Monty Python's* (September 5) Sandra Martin states that the first man to sail solo around the globe was an Englishman—Sir Francis Drake—in 1577. Not so. Any long distance sailor would tell you that the first man to accomplish this feat was a Canadian, Captain Andrew Stoen in 1988.

RON SCHUCHMAN, TORONTO



churches on the following: 1) Birth control, contrary to de Santam's idea the Church has always been for family planning, but it is asking us not to consider lightly artificial methods that might be detrimental to our physical, psychological and moral health. 2) Abortion: the Church is intrinsically not to be any abortion but to be possible under all its forms. 3) Divorce: the Church has always had a pastoral concern for people as a difficult or delicate marital situation. 4) Communism: the movement is just a "body-political" movement into the Church, but an ideological project never received support by the Holy Spirit of God.

PAUL LEBLANC, MONCTON, NB



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Abell, reported last September, failed to support the *Quebecers'* findings. Then it came check the other studies that Marie J. Givensack mentioned. It is found that more are done on subjects of a population who are not would expect by chance some significant results.

I W. KELLY DEPARTMENT OF  
EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY,  
UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY, CALGARY

### When justice only appears to be done

*News Service* (September 5) was a fine piece of writing. On scanning the situation in Toronto, I cannot help but feel that personal bias has distorted the whole affair concerning the death of *Ensemble* Jacques. It was not the sex shops that killed the boy. If the murder had taken place along the waterfront, would anyone make have protested as strongly? Our society is becoming so complacent that it is taking the easy way out. Isn't it rather easy to do a sex shop? If we close our eyes, the problems of the world will be there when we open them. Thousands of people die each year from smoking, guns, drink, drugs, terrorist bombings and other horrendous acts but the public hasn't demanded the government to stop these more serious activities. When scholars of the future look back upon the 20th century, they will certainly marvel at how such a supposedly intelligent race was so paranoid about sex, but allowed bigotry, mass murders, alcoholism, the threat of nuclear war and other risks to flourish.

PAUL BETTER, LONDON, ONT

### The day when the great head went down

It was very unusual in *The Lady In The Lake*—and *The Man Who Knew How Her* (August 22) since my great uncle, Captain Alexander Crichton, was minister of the *Granada* at the time she was wrecked. My father and two of my aunts were also members of her crew. Father always claimed the ship was wrecked because her charts were inaccurate, they showed the rock the wreck to be four miles from its ac-



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usual position. The tag that came to tow the Gamella tree was not small. But was the large tree and powerful car-breaking tag. James Whitson of Port Arthur. No one questioned that the tag could tow the yacht first, better portholes. ok. were left open as mentioned in the article. All hands left the yacht before the attempt to fix the mast made.

The first tow was made back along the coast the yacht had been steering, which she can approach. She didn't budge so the tag shored course from the rock. The yacht had found some rock when she struck and the tow season ended her so let the other way. Instead of merely losing, she

continued to roll down on her beam-ends and she sailed away from the rock when she struck she would very likely have gone down at once with all hands.

CAPTAIN R.G. MOUTRIER, SAINT JOHN, N.S.

After Maik's article on the Canada's best writers came's eternal quest for solving the riddles that surround him in his environment. After reading the article I felt like joining Fred Beattie in his search for the boat. The mystery of the season is indeed an alluring subject, one easily handled by Maik. Here's a nice piece of journalism.

DON HERMAN, TORONTO

#### But what about the little people?

As a collector of Beate I have a few comments to make in *The Money Of The Year* (page 22). William Lowther, like many journalists writing to produce sensationalism and to earn their pay, has exaggerated many things out of focus. In trying to create a fictitious style he has made the Beate people appear stupid and washed. Once again the calculated cynicism and slothness of a newsman, who seeks only to impress his readers of his "real" knowledge of Beate, filters out of the article. Lowther, in his intention to expose himself as to adapt writer and diplomatic snob, has made the mistake of writing only about the Gasteralia and British diplomats' checklist, while stepping with heavy boots on the people of Beate. Their true ways, their opinions and their integrity.

CARLOS PERDOMO, CALGARY

#### Beate-In-Rain-Man

I have just finished reading *Beate-In-Rain-Man* (page 22). I'd like to tell the story of a motorcycle "club" not a gang, called The Blue Knights Law Enforcement Motorcycle Club. Its its existence since 1974 with more than 5,000 members throughout Canada and the United States and chapters in Germany and Switzerland. Our club is composed of police officers, prison guards, security guards, or anyone involved in law enforcement. Our main mission is to stop cycling and our objective is to change the public image of motorcycles.

We have Canadian chapters in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Ontario, Quebec, Newfoundland and we have one coming in Alberta. We have in Montreal are working in conjunction with the New Brunswick Safety Council investigating safety concerns. In time we hope that every motorcycle will have these courses as the Blue Knights feel they are very needed. The "Blue" in our name represents the common color of the uniform of today's policemen, the "Knights" goes back to the days of King Arthur and the collection of the days of old. These knights were always ready to assist people in need and they know no fear. In keeping with the tradition of King Arthur, we will assist anyone, anywhere. Our motto: *Justice with Pride*.

With respect, FREDERICK BLUE KNIGHTS  
MONCTON

#### A typical case of rage

Being the senior criminologist in Canada (since 1918), I followed the Vancouver *Cross Of The Year* (September 3) story with interest. Despite all the lies, it was fairly realistic. The so-called gas hole mentioned in Okidika, which he is appearing in the last six days, the sentence would have been "to be hanged by the neck until dead." That sentence too was always applied. (I studied every hanging that took place during this "hanging" period and there

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The driest of the dry

would be a rapist in the lot.) Many claim that the order is the safest order to commit in Canada, as rapists would never rape. The safest rape of all is where two or more are to overpower one woman (The Court will almost always take the word of two law-abiding men over that of a woman). The most juicy case I know concerned two men and one woman. The woman, in a suit, went on trial—not her assailants. The defense counsel testified his lips over each juicy morsel before he spat it at the jury. Even the judge went bug-eyed in the eyes of the Court. The woman won a conviction where not naturally her victimized assailants got off.

C. W. TOPPING DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY AND SOCIOLOGY UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA VANCOUVER

#### Is good news really no news?

The old adage "Two heads are better than one" certainly does not hold in the case of the writers of *It's a Wonderful Life* (Hawaii Times). It is hard to believe that two people would take the trouble to dig up all the mean things that happened to Joe Clark during his western tour. Not a word about the biggest incident, no mention of the Chamber of Commerce resolution in Victoria where Clark spoke and received a standing ovation from the largest attended audience the chamber had ever held. On one of his first visits to BC, long before he got into the limelight, I heard Clark speak and I have never forgotten how humorous, self-deprecating and fearful he was. He is "warily and undelivered" only to those who wish to see him that way. I suppose that believing like a United Nations behind the back of our Queen in Washington and dining like a half-baked oven just at No. 10 Downing Street are displays of naïveté and charlatanism.

MARGARET HANSON VICTORIA

#### Indecent exposure

Is your August 22 cover an attempt to compare with the porno magazines on the newsstands? This is blatant sexism and repulsive for a magazine of your calibre. Could you not find something else to excite besides a scantily clad female's breasts? It is no use to defend this cover by referring to the nude article showing the woman uncovering the chest of the male person. He is fully clothed, she is not.

MARGARET ARCHIBALD CHATHAM ONT.

A woman's beauty or lack of it is not determined by a tape measure, but by a system that combines an analysis of personality, character and spiritual qualities as well as physical assets. Had the article caused offence, what this lady's measuring tape said had been involved was a sport where this type of attire is required or normal, and had her pose been related to that sport instead of getting

renewed, she could understand her place on a magazine cover. Now this is not the case, I find the photo offensive.

CARLY MYERS LANRHY ALBA

Why present a Miss Chatty Chatswale and a Mr. Dirty L. Different is typical Canadian coping with stress overseas? Most of us find more interest in filling like milk bags two quart containers and attempting to pour milk over our morning cereal . . . and place mat, and table, and floor. . .

M. L. McDONALD ST. JEAN QUE.

In a big pile of mud I flashed right away on that Moore cover. Of course, totally uprooted. Demonstrated the most creative publication Western Hemisphere was.

TOM HURLEY MARTINVILLE INDIANA

Movie *Madness* reads like a piece of propaganda from the Nordic Commission. The whole picture may still be as inevitable and irreversible as just saying. It may not be essential for the greater good of mankind that individual Canadians be forced in their everyday lives to buy gasoline in litres, measure things in square metres, weigh babies in grams and think in kilograms. Seventeen letters, many metrics for a long time, quickly and unobtrusively. The cost, the bother and the total disruption of our vision of the measurable world brought on by the proposed wholesale gratuitous conversion, are insurmountable. Compensating savings are negligible.

S. ROBINSON OTTAWA

What I find particularly distasteful about this cover (I suppose it is that the more is fully clothed, while the woman is typically semi-dressed). What is not possible or even permissible to obtain a semi-nude male model to pose for the photo?

ANNA BERNARD HAMMONT ONT.

#### God save the Fatherlingham

I want to give a few facts on the monarchy question. First, a recent quote from *The Victoria Daily Times* in which the Queen says "I cannot forget that I was crowned Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland." The Commonwealth is not even mentioned. Another quote entitled *Disunionism Legalized in Britain*: "A disunionist is anyone who has visited more than three years outside the country." Allan Fotheringham, I believe you for your column on the monarchy (June 27, August 22).

LIN BRILANT VICTORIA

I have a marked fact that I'll open. Men, look to the left page and find Allan Fotheringham in column—may that never happen!

BETTY GIBSON TETERBY HAMBURG ONT.

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# What will a referendum mean? Nothing conclusive, constructive or even new

Column by Peter Desbarats

The idea of holding an independence referendum in Quebec was a brilliant electoral tactic. It mobilized Quebec voters, on November 15, 1976, to elect the ruling Progressive Conservative to a corrupt and dishonest government. In this case, the referendum proposal already has served both the Parti Québécois and the province well. It is time to have the courage to scrap it.

I don't for a moment believe that René Lévesque will do this, but making the suggestion helps to throw light on why the referendum is being staged and what we can expect from it.

Having served its immediate purpose in the last Quebec election, the referendum project has evolved in usefulness as a constructive political tool. Everyone already knows what the outcome of the referendum will be: uncertainty. Continuing to work toward it now is demoralizing. Canadians, French and English alike, from the real problems that face us.

One of the most destructive aspects of the referendum, and the reason why many Canadians find it almost unbearable, is its contrivance of being conclusive. It pretends to be an honest and straightforward way of making a choice—Yes or No. It presumes to the eternal Canadian yearning for an absolute solution to our most vexing national problem and it makes the illusion that there is an easy answer.

The early separatists had the same kind of blind faith in simple solutions. In the 1950s, arguing with separatists in Quebec, I felt nervous and vaguely sceptical. Their criticism of Canada was so logical, their solution so surgically clean. There then was that French and English in Canada are in an "unequal" state of affairs. They proposed a higher and more logical form of coexistence for French-speaking Quebecers—or so it seemed to them—and that it could be realized gradually by an almost religious will of the will, although even they rarely imagined that it could be to simply a political action as straightforward as X or a referendum ballot.

The early separatists undoubtedly were intensely idealistic that it took time to appreciate how Canadian it was—far from those brilliant, theatrical and, at times, dangerous exponents of separatist state who were among the Canadian separatists. They were among the best examples of the creativity and energy generated by the historic tension between French and English. Slowly I began to appreciate that this tension or tension is what makes us tick. The political creation that is Canada may



Desbarats: in praise of creative tension

mean "creative tension" by some criteria but the conflict and competition within it have become our national reinforcement, unique to us. It is not the presence of French Canadians within Canada that makes us unique Americans but our mutual, prickly awareness of one another.

When my sister last year visited Canada after living for five years in Australia, she said that Canadians seemed to be more free and adventurous than Australians. Some people suggested that it was a matter of climate but I believe that the highly charged atmosphere between French and English in Canada generates it. Perhaps the history that we've all been taught isn't enabled us to see our own reality of tough-minded competition between English and French.

One of the assumptions shared by everyone in this country is that English-speaking Canadians have the attitudes of a majority group while French Canadians are conscious of being a minority. The position of a minority is not really difficult but there are complications. When French Canadians found themselves (frustrated in North America, a divorcing minority, they were forced to fall back on their own resources. The result was a unified society bonded together by shared difficulties and ambitions, not to mention a contained sense of progress.

English-speaking Canadians have now experienced just enough of this minority role, in relation to the United States, to appreciate its positive aspects. Living beside

the United States has both enriched and challenged us. In the Seventies, there are few Canadians who would trade geographical locations with such prosperous and settled white minorities of the British Empire as Australia and New Zealand, South Africa or Rhodesia. After years of railing against its dependence on the United States, Canada discovered that achieving independence is like serving at a banquet—you want an endowment for it to happen and, suddenly, it's there. You can't wish it into existence by making a mark on a ballot.

I believe that the same thing is happening in Quebec. In their own province, French Canadians now have achieved political maturity almost without realizing how recent a development it is. The only remaining task, in the same sense, is to settle the question of economic competition between English and French in Montreal, the commercial metropolis of the last century whose new and old cities are struggling for power in a changing world.

What has the referendum to do with all that?

In an era of public opinion polls, it reveals a forgotten vision: that of a political development. It becomes a political trap, an attempted nullification of our political process and, at worst, an enticement. The referendum is the Parti Québécois' equivalent of Mayor Jean Drapeau's 1976 Olympic Games. In theory, even at this late date, the Quebec government could cancel the referendum. Most Quebecers would accept the reasoning that the Parti Québécois was elected not so much as a promise to hold a referendum as on a commitment not to declare independence without giving first to the people.

There will be the usual opportunity for at least four or five years, and no shortage of concrete problems in the meantime as which the Lévesque government can demonstrate its competence. The new Quebec elections would then give voters a chance to assess its specific independence options embodied in a political party and platform, not in abstract theory that still causes rift and confusion within the Parti Québécois itself.

Perhaps the greatest contribution this kind of language could make to the continued development and independence of Quebec would be to have the courage to say "No" to the referendum.

*Peter Desbarats is a Quebec-born Chicago Globe City editor and author of *Roots*, a biography of René Lévesque.*



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# Preview

The Diversers: coming—not soon, but coming—to a theatre near you

Despite screenplay problems—involving some of the best-known names in Canadian literature—the film version of Margaret Laurence's *The Diversers* will go into production next spring, with Susan Clark in the lead, and a two-million-dollar budget. The one compromise producers Judy Steed and Joyce Wieland (*The Far Shore*) had to make was to go with a screenwriter who was (a) not Canadian and (b) not a woman. Verne Horman (Akela's Russian) saved the day after Laurence herself turned down the chance (no experience re. screenplays, reluctance to go back to a work finished long ago), after a script by Margaret Atwood and Clarence Gibson didn't work to the producers' satisfaction. ("I just not the movie we had in mind," according to Steed). Bill Frest (*Working for Wham?*) was also asked—he's Canadian, if male—but he's booked up for the next two years.



Clark: any time they're ready

## Is this trip really necessary?

For most seasoned air travelers, the prospect of a 48-hour flight is about as enticing as drinking a can of Drano. Nonetheless, Pan American World Airways is anticipating that 150 people will be aboard when it takes its 50th anniversary on October 28 by sending a modified version of the 747 some 26,000 miles around the world, over the north and south poles. Why should anyone put himself through such an ordeal, and pay \$2,222 (economy) or \$5,333 (first class) for the privilege? Because he would thereby be participating in history: the Pan Am flight will bring the "round-the-

world-by-way-of-the-pole" speed record by 14 hours—if all goes well—read who'd want to miss out on that?

## The family business

If Jimmy Carter can use his office to try to help his friends (like Good Old Bert Lance), surely he can use it to help out his kinfolk. Some notorious snobs of as genuine any look askance at the commercializing of the presidency, but that isn't going to stop it, at least for the foreseeable future. The next major production out of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue will be a Carter family album by Jeff and Annette Carter, a husband-and-wife team who live with Jeff's folks and who have been busily rushing around the White House clicking away on their cameras. Their agency, Unaphoto, has been sending a prospectus out to various publishers far and wide—a prospectus that includes a note from Jeff and Annette written on White House letterhead. When the book comes out—possibly with



Annette and Jeff: how young folks evolve? It's on their own

an introduction by the President himself—it will join a cookbook by Ole Miss Lefson and a new brand of beer called Billy, named for and endorsed by you-know-who.

## Carry on patty-slacking

To paraphrase H. L. Menckin: nobody ever went broke underestimating the eating habits of the American people. Or, for this matter, the Canadian people. The junk food industry has exploded: their parents, friends and strangers to the degree that one marketing expert is educationally guessing that every Canadian is taking in an average of 190 hamburgers a year. It's hardly surprising, then, that a corresponding boom has developed in the junk-food-cooker industry. A couple of years ago a fry-



ing pan, broiling rack or hi-tech, switched equipment enough for doing up hamburgers at home, then somebody had this great idea for a one-man-made electric burger maker and an industry was born. This year's "newcomers" (as they're called) will sell some million units in the United States and 500,000 in Canada. But it's an all-wind Canadian company. Proctor-Sixx has just introduced the ultimate mini-cooker, the Proctor-Sixx. It cooks not only, well, two, but three burgers at once! It which is expected to sell more than 700,000 units in North America by Christmas.



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# Canada

## Is Manitoba ready for a changing of the guard?

By Suzanne Zwaren

Last May, Lily Schreyer did a bit of aging cleanup and finally let her husband sit some old brown bagels he'd won for 11 years. Premier Ed Schreyer took the news quietly, but put out the word quickly: those shoes which had been donated to a New Democratic Party rally weren't just any old shoes—they were his lucky shoes. The year's Strategic Riding Association caught the hint, retrieved the shoes about to be raffled off, and ceremoniously presented them back to the Premier. "He doesn't like to admit he's superstitious," Lily is saying now. "But underneath he is. And these shoes..." She glances at the offending footwear which has taken Schreyer through two successful campaigns. Her husband, escorted by elderly NDP members at a campaign reception, resumes his exchange. But halfway through Manitoba's 35-day election battle "these shoes" were back in action.

If that wasn't enough to convince the Conservative and Liberal forces before voting day, October 11, he had to win both his wife and his 79-year-old mother. Elizabeth, widowed September 5, the day Schreyer launched the province on its thirty-first search for a new government. A high profile package, the issue of a necessary \$400,000,000 low-cost housing project for Winnipeg seniors where residents wanted to build Schreyer personally responsible for the happy change in their fortunes. Howard Brown, far insurance is banishing anyone who is "lucky." "The vote has done more for the elderly than all the other governments combined." He can't getting any arguments from the 60 senior citizens who've come downtown to have lunch with Schreyer. Before him they agree, voices weak at the mercy of chattering landlords.

Manitoba's Conservatives were eager to believe that Schreyer would need all the good luck shoes he could find to pull off this third victory since 1986, the year he brought Manitoba to first prime government. That was, quietly though it was (28 years, a minority government and Liberal Larry Douglas), now health minister switched solely care in an unannounced pathogen to Schreyer's own private residence where he'd been elected leader only 19 days before the campaign began. Schreyer consolidated the victory in 1973, winning 51 of the 37 seats leaving 23 for the Tories and three for the by-then twice expelled Liberals. But time alone hasn't kept the Conservatives from being thick-skinned and a Schreyer boot kicked anything but certain. Even Miles McKee, Schreyer's Green



allowed that the status was being the target of his life. The "Y'all blues" of public acceptance had faded, he mused in April.

The Manitoba mood is getting harder to read. Many of the province's 815,000 voters have a feeling of vague unease of missed opportunity, subtle by the suggestion that Winnipeg the grand old lady of the Prairies, is no longer as grand, nor fortunate as busy. For years, Winnipeg knew it was the only civilized spot between Toronto and Vancouver, says a young Winnipeg born-and-bred couple who

Schreyer maintaining in Winnipeg an election as senior denied them those

sent out and come home again two years ago. "But that was in June. Winnipeg is just another Prairie city and all the action is happening somewhere else."

Winnipeg's Loyola Allen Stevenson agrees. "I don't like the shift toward industry. The university and medical college for instance, pride themselves—politely—on having absolutely first-class people but we're losing people like that now. In the low fertility all the important

people are being wooed by the newcomers, the Law Society of Alberta, the University of British Columbia. Same in the arts and business. If someone younger asked me, 'Is this a good place to raise?' I'd have to say it was a hell of a lot better we started losing our brightest people."

A decade ago, Eaton's and The Bay (and even its success) were the Winnipeg skyline's landmarks. The skyscrapers that overshadow these new stores to better the idea that the bubble has burst. But Winnipeg, population 378,217 last year, has grown by only 68,636 in the past 30 years, which isn't as exciting as having 1,200 people a month. Based on the statistics in Calgary and Edmonton. The provincial population, 8,021,506 last year, has been steadily static for a decade (863,000 in 1966). Factors worry about the numbers of young people departing. Downtown Winnipeg construction officials have bragged, hand-drawn signs in show windows, not return. And it's uncommon to walk the third floor in Canada, in the year likes to boast the rate has jumped substantially in a year to 3.6%. On the other hand, a national insurance firm says that Manitoba the cheapest province to live in which to live for people earning up to \$35,000 annually, if housing, medicine and the food index were combined along with taxes.

The uncertainty over whether Manitoba is listening or flying steadily was reflected in the election campaign. As the province plodded up to voting day, nobody except dead-end party members wanted to predict the future. A minority government—whether Liberal or Conservative—was the most frequently heard guess. The Liberals would have to be the speakers to bring that off and Social Credit was out of the running even though nobody expects of Social Credit's return.

The campaign, like a stalemate that both major contenders seemed to have decided simply to keep quiet. "It's better doing to the first party that makes a mistake, later. So nobody wants to do anything," said more than one political insider. Since both Schreyer 41, and Gary Leung, Sterling Lyon 59, have occasionally been affiliated with foot-in-mouth disease, the first mistake was up for grabs. That left Liberal leader Charles Hulsbosch 45 to make and he kept a breakfast pace of 31 a meetings and 4 in handshaking. Hulsbosch, elected leader in 1975, was like Lyon fighting his first campaign as leader and he shared with the Conservative leader the debate strategy of keeping the party's head buried under the 1996 (who started out Conservative). Despite a somewhat challenge to his own Conservative constituency, Hulsbosch nevertheless tried to blanket the province with his presence, missing in a single house in a single sitting and found in Winnipeg and his home the "unconquered" vote in Manitoba on the St. Rose, 100 miles west. Tall thin and quietly serious, Hulsbosch looks exactly



Look on the hearings in Quid (above) Schreyer with wife Lily. They should have known to save these shoes



and speaks softly, a low-key style that leaves listeners overconfident "The man has done his homework."

Lyon—short, stocky, family-fretted—left provincial politics eight years ago after losing the 1975 leadership battle to Walter Winter. Also a lawyer, Lyon had been Attorney General and a lieutenant of former Premier Duane Robinson. But in the years since he has changed stages, from urban reformer to reformed conservative. After the bloodbath that made him leader and despite constant pressure over a brother he'd been turned to run a Charlevoix riding, Lyon has his hands during the governing wheel when an election would be called, leaving the government reluctantly to "newspaper coverage" and gain the polls. But strongly enough after a year of almost daily speculation the election was finally arrived was a shock. For Schreyer, that's becoming a pattern. In 1973, he unexpectedly got home from an Ottawa federal-provincial conference, a number of bells through a night sitting of the legislature, then dissolved the session at midnight while former Lieutenant-Governor W. J. McKeown sped toward Winnipeg in a police convoy to sign

election papers. This time, Schreyer had a September schedule that was to have taken him from Los Angeles to Washington to Ottawa. He decided on September 5 when the harvest was delayed by status on late the harvest in and have had a breather. "The very next day on the 6th it raining his 80-year-old father died. Schreyer called the election."

As far as burning issues were concerned, the battle was reduced almost as if the election was on something to the guessing about when the election would be. For the year, even assumed daily.

The government, which previously ruled labor by refusing to step into a compulsory conciliate, battle between Griffin Steel Foundries Ltd. and its union, announced it would invade two Manitoba Crown corporations, Anapik and Flyer Industries, on the same question. But the pence were those could be less 3,000 angry members of the Manitoba Government Employees Association might good their threat to walk out before the election in protest over contract negotiations.

A political report blaming the public works minister for not implementing the safety recommendations before an April fire at the Manitoba School For Retarded, which killed eight students, suing Schreyer into an attack on Judge Robert Trudell. But the International Social Communist came down the same week on a better travel recommendation to half construction on the Garrison diversion project in North Dakota which Manitoba has been fighting.

• The federal Liberals, who last year were trying to woo Schrayer into their fold, were less than helpful. Specifically, former Island Affairs Minister Warren Austin threatened to go to court over Manitoba's failure to sign an agreement compensating natives for flooding by Manitoba Hydro's Churchill River diversion. But then Alford got redrafted.

• The dispute prospects that mirrored the idea of a spring election were replaced with a bumper crop which they began negotiating the unsuitably heavy rain. No vote to harvest. Schrayer climbed on a combine for the first time in 20 years at the campaign trail but with less than half the crop in by mid-September. Farmers may be a lot less than frazzled now at poll time.

• A federal Tory caucus outlining ways to get around Manitoba's restrictions on corporate donations during a campaign by now and paid campaigner might seem like a plan. The right suggestion was promptly supplanted by an affidavit that their letter of warning caused the quake. More jail. No-fault claims were collected. A scandal.

In the last sentence of the final days of the campaign Schrayer must have been remembering his campaign mood last February, when a June election seemed a certainty. He had to say then, "A very difficult profession" for spring elections for political reasons. In the Prairies, spring the earth is soft and carries traffic for the farmer while in fall everything goes into hibernation. There would be a greater tendency, he said smiling happily, to be delayed in the fall autumn season.

## QUEBEC Les Nouveaux Canadiens

Quebecers'—and Quebec Prime Jean Alfred in his lap, and Madame French in the air, behind the scenes. The day to immigrate. Alfred was producing his plans from within the province's National Assembly last year he was elected Quebec's first black legislator, a first seven years after coming as an out-of-work schoolteacher from French-speaking Haiti. In that time the hungry Caribbean island has become the single most important source of immigration to Quebec, and Alfred's entry to the legislature they represent a big step and self-satisfaction to unite among his same-blood colleagues. Then Liberal broadcaster André Marchand now to say that Alfred would have done better to stay in Haiti. Calling him a "coward" for not remaining in his head of the Liberal fold.

Marchand looking to hear news of itself on how he would run on air. "Unfounded by indignant cries of 'noist,'" Marchand boasted that Quebecers don't need people like Alfred. Marchand's outbursts to immigrants are as blunt as it has been for Quebecers to purge themselves of his sort of bigotry and hatred, associate large numbers of immi-



Marchand (left, above): If you can't grow enough at home you have to seek out

Trudeau could see evidence that Quebec and Ottawa can work out their differences without resorting to separation. Trudeau, on the other hand, may still believe English Canadians by appealing to this constituency in elections.

To deal with any outstanding issues about immigration, the federal government will likely offer the option of sharing responsibility for immigration to all provinces. In fact Alberta already wants some control over its own work in coming to the province to work as a way to bring national policy. However, only Quebec can be expected to meet the government's intention to intensify its cultural and ethnic diversity from the rest of the country. The re-orientation of French in a sector of the continent of opportunity has been framed with a vision of a new society. Whether the experiment succeeds or fails will depend on Quebec's real attitudes—those of Jean Alfred and his Liberal colleagues.

By David Thompson

## ONTARIO O repent, ye sinners!

When Prime Trudeau made his famous declaration about the state having no place in the bedrooms of the nation, he posed no comment on whether ladies have any rights to privacy in their reading rooms. Perhaps if he'd looked on something about accounting himself to provide some privacy—in addition to the rest of the nation's pornography problems and their common might have been clarified. The legal script that took up over the legal definition of obscenity contained and in 1990 the Criminal Code could possibly have taken a new, reliable direction. The latest version was signed in Kingston, Ontario, where on August 9 police issued 50,520

## Still a few bugs in the system

After years of living right out of their anatomy in beds full of pest-infested, unheated water. Hydrocarbons were designed last spring when sparkling clear water burst from their taps. A sparkling new ultra-modern, \$45-million treatment plant complete with 18 miles of pipeline, had gone into operation. But in early August, only three months after the changeover they were told their water contained more than a quack.

But if for at least 10 minutes, warned the Public Service Commission—its contents: chlorine bacteria, potentially dangerous to the sick and the elderly. Although normally the organism is destroyed by chlorine, for some baffling reason when left on its own it was still survive all treatments.

An official accused the world for advice. Experts explained, protested at home. Someone remembered that dead logging horses used to be dumped into local lakes. There were dark suggestions that coders had been buried in the concrete during construction. And when the towns of Downsview and Midland in the Annapolis Valley found the same bacteria



turning up in their water supply, there were murmurs of sabotage. Whether the cause, and despite the fact that no one had become sick, that decision was made to shut down and examine the entire system and put the city back on track, muddy water supply.

Armed with a camera, lights and simple devices, engineering technology (long black, and personal moves in) Spectra Rig McIntyre squeezed their usual frames into one end of the three-to-

the pornography-obscenity debate. One defense witness suggested that people looking for a really messy sex magazine were cheating themselves by paying two dollars for *Penthouse*.

Spotlighted at the trial was an eight-page photo spread entitled *Par le Dieu, le bon, le mal, le beau, le laid* and "a young woman in a variety of poses and costumes. They featured *Les pinks* and *Les blues* and *Les roses* of life to dispel the over-the-top look of *Les pinks*.

The 19-year-old judge declared the publication "a dirty old book" which "advocates a sexual orgy of vulgar variety and obscuring proportions." *Penthouse* pub-

lished a disclaimer: "The publisher is not involved in any way in the inspection of the pipeline. It was a dangerous and uncomfortable experience that took 10 days to complete. Lack of oxygen and pockets of water trapped in low sections of the pipe were the most serious potential hazards. Their claustrophobic crew were monitored on the surface by a crew ready to break in with a backhoe and jackhammers in an emergency."

The program turned up a few clues—it had a few pieces of wood, some plastic foam and tiny traces of soil were embedded in the pipe's concrete lining. Only the root tubes came back, but it did not remove either further cleaning the entire inside of the pipe would have to be reviewed, at a cost of millions. At least one local sociologist, Dr. Ronald Martin, concluded that would be the case. He suspected that running water was creating microscopic life particles from the pipe, and these particles were entering the bacteria within them.

By late September, massive doses of chlorine were being flushed through the system. But the commission wanted to see chlorine-free water. Raising the level of chlorine in the water supply, Ontario was. Halifax's \$45-million water tower will have only begun. LYNDA WATKINS

Under Bob Gaudin "can gain no comfort from the fact that there is no danger that contemporary right thinking Canadians will accept his advice." He wrote Defense Counsel Arthur Gaudin, a Toronto mail lawyer, launched an appeal at Gaudin's request. The court decided that "a full exploration of sex" and the "nightingale Canadian" seems to have quite a way to go yet.

Two years ago, the federal law reform commission recommended the removal of obscenity laws from the Criminal Code with the exception of qualified interest and distribution to those under 18 years of age. Alan Rose, general counsel for the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, argues that "whatever harm may be caused by an obscene publication or—such harm has never been demonstrated—is outweighed by the harm caused by the obscenity laws."

Gaudin argues that creating obscenity laws and their enforcement have created "an outlawed community of respectable people like the news dealers and readers" who have lost patience and respect for a law that they feel conflicts with their private taste. Asking these people to accept proper display and distribution of pornography without ensuring they won't be penalized for displaying it, says Gaudin "is like asking the marijuana producer for quality control—you have to legalize the quality!" CHRIS HANSEN

The two young lovers then confronted *Penthouse*: where did we go wrong?





## THE YUKON

### Mumtaz, go home!

Corporal Ken Mumtaz was never a popular Munton. Since 1990 in the Yukon community of Watson Lake, some of the local people may be surprised, some not, he was a cop with a job to do and he did it no matter what, and some say he was known for using force when he made arrests or handled protesters. One thing becomes clear from conversations in the town: anyone who had to deal with Mumtaz learned a respect for him very quickly on fear.

Mumtaz aged 30, a 19-year veteran of the force, was transferred out of Watson Lake last June to a desk job 350 miles away in Whitehorse. But he was back doing the job he loved in pickup trucks and on the trail. He was a friend—a man that produced the most interesting insight into the small, plural community this ever and again, this experience seen a shock wave through the community with the word spreading, "Mumtaz's back is now." Then, on the morning of Saturday July 2, a 17-year-old Mian (Doug Johnson) died during a strenuous hike with Mumtaz. Mumtaz's reputation for being a man who had happened upon through the town, many of them influenced by the anxiety felt toward the policeman even before the incident. The uncertainties surrounding Johnson's death are still unclear. Despite an autopsy held in mid-September and police department officials are still trying to determine whether charges should be laid against Mumtaz as demanded by some of the local people.

Watson Lake, an unpopulated community of about 1,000, is rising, as along the Alaska Highway just north of the Yukon's border with British Columbia. But reaction to Johnson's death was swift. 500 violent protesters supported by some parents were

demonstrating the next day in front of the court detachment, calling for Mumtaz's arrest. "Who should be with the streets when Doug will walk no more?" demanded one placard. The town's own mother, Sally Fleming, a prominent officer and social service worker, has had a history of Mumtaz for two years helped him through his life. Though she hated the fact that Mumtaz was a man with two personalities (the one that "told me right or treated her as 'a long-term friend'), she told the town's young people who felt no remorse for anyone on the floor over what had happened.

So Watson Lake waited for request day, September 14. According to testimony, it was shortly after 2 a.m. on a still light Yukon night when Johnson was lying in the Belleville Hotel with a group of friends, heading for a party. Mumtaz—off duty, in plain clothes, based in Whitehorse—questioned the group and advised Johnson to stay away from a drinking party because of his age. The youth replied with anger: "Why don't you—f---ing leave me alone for a change?" At that, according to testimony, Mumtaz's character changed. He went from cool, grumpy Johnson by the



Johnson (right), Mumtaz (center) and the Watson Lake demonstration. Top of people when justice isn't seen in the house...



neck and told him he was under arrest for assault. Mumtaz's version, in a statement he made after the incident, was slightly different: "For no apparent reason, Doug became erratic. I knew there was something wrong with the boy and with the late hour, having known his parents. I advised him he was under arrest for assaulting."

The coroner continued: "I saw him step forward and rushed for his shoulder. The only thing that came into my grip was his throat." He pulled Johnson toward him, but he was lunging right into the box (a large garbage container). I heard a gurgle from his stomach and I released my grip immediately." The two then walked a dozen steps before Johnson collapsed in Mumtaz's arms. The coroner attempted mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and Johnson was in a hospital, but the summer's jury determined he died on the hotel parking lot.

There then was a strange one in the medical evidence. Dr. Tom Hansen, director of pathology at Lorne Gies Hospital in Vancouver, had been asked the usual questions: a cause of death—something he said, that occurs only once or twice in 1,000 autopsies. There was no evidence of bruising. Johnson had been drinking—his blood alcohol level was .06—and he had taken five chloral hydrate capsules, depressants that had been stolen by another youth from the local hospital, but that was deemed well short of a toxic dosage.

So the jury's verdict did not tie to clear the air. It ruled that death had been caused by unusual but accidental means and no other recommendation was that drugs at the hospital be kept under tighter security. The second police-community relations that had been lost over much of the summer erupted again. A walk went through a window at the court station, the next day and police were questioning some of Johnson's friends about a comment: "Mumtaz should be hung"—made on or after the evening, that charges could not be laid. Doug Frankland, director of criminal prosecutions with the federal justice department in Ottawa, who represented the Crown, at

the request, was looking over the transcript and was exposed to a double by mid-October whether further steps are warranted.

Johnson's mother had been receiving showing mail from members in the Whitehorse Correctional Institute and the British Columbia penitentiary saying they were willing to "get" Mumtaz. She has replied that "two wrongs don't make a right." But some local people think she should at least have her son's body returned for a second autopsy. One is Jake Melyntek, a specialist of Watson Lake's taxi company, who is off Erney 5100 toward the coast. He also wants to be speaking for the community when he signs the current detachment of seven. Mumtaz is now in "a safe" pool, the best we've had in a long time. Most of them weren't there when the incident happened." And as their commander, Sergeant Bob Anderson, put it in his attempt to restore good relations: "If you have not had apple in the bar, you don't throw the whole box away."

RAY LINGER

## OTTAWA

### Trumped, down, vulnerable

For Joe Clark, the statement was all too familiar. It seemed that every one Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau opened his mouth about national unity appeared in public with his hands or even tied by his wrists. It was front-page news, while the Tory leader, on matter what he did or said, was virtually ignored. And it was happening again.

Clark and his advisors were launching a new assault on the public conscience, attempting to build and consolidate an image of leadership and dynamism. They were preparing for two legislative days: the October 17 opening of parliament and, equally important, the November meeting of the Conservative Party in Quebec City where Clark's tenure as party leader could be challenged. The main event of this campaign was a media appearance, a meeting in Kingston last month between Clark and the last Tory premier. Repeatedly were based in from Ottawa, united to a party held by ex-Florent MacDonald and given ready access to the press. The formal talk went to the House of Commons, the last of the day, Clark clearly hoping that some of MacDonald's magic and the present's prestige would rub off on him.

Then Trudeau struck. Showing he was still potent in a free press, his government's announcement that the Prime Minister and staff associated him long ago and cabinet shuffles at least three days in advance of his original schedule, stealing the day's headlines. Some of the reporters in Kingston rushed back to Ottawa for the announcement, while others grumbled about missing the big story.

All the same, the Kingston plan might have worked for Clark. He and the premiers mounted a joint statement that rejected Trudeau's proposals of special

status in language rights for Quebec, but stopped short of John Diefenbaker's call for disallowance of Bill 181, Quebec's language law. On one party, Clark's Camp wrote after the trip that the Kingston statement was "a considerable achievement" for Clark and added that it was "a position arrived at through deliberation and negotiation among public figures who have distinct responsibilities in the whole question of unity." Score one for leadership or as Camp remarked: "The road to Quebec City looks a lot smoother. Downhill, even."

But it will take more than Kingston for Clark to reveal enthusiasm in particular Quebec City of, indeed, in general.



Clark: what does a guy have in it?

election next year. With them tried Clark his most recent moves to smooth over differences with the powerful Big Bear Machine, the Ottawa branch of the Tory Party, and to strengthen on Tory bases.

One of Clark's problems is that a matter of style, but it goes beyond that. He is widely considered as a politician with nothing to say, a perception that dates back a year to his disastrous European tour, which took him to live speeches in 17 days. Reports showed little going on to say or he had shaky, ill-fated attempts on such questions as women and environmentalism. On track, Clark looked more like a young man, perhaps a little, than a political world leader. When he arrived home, his association with performance in parliament only served to emphasize the growing belief that he had no ideas of his own.

Then, suddenly, on November 13, the election of the Parti Québécois government in Quebec caused people to rally around the Liberal government in Ottawa. Clark's fortunes began to change. When he left his home early this past summer he had hoped his previous, cautious approach and began telling people where he stood. He changed, he announced the Liberal government's program in five years on the economy, he held several sessions that differed from the general's approach; and on an occasion when he took a swipe at the government's language policies previously a sacred cow.

Now in a strong position in Belleville, Ontario, Diefenbaker accused Clark of "playing around and fighting with 100-ounce boxing gloves" when he should be "shocking Trudeau on the national unity question." "There are hundreds of thousands of Canadians who want to vote for us, but they want to know where we stand."

The speech drew an uncharacteristically harsh response from Robert Stanfield, Diefenbaker's successor and Clark's predecessor as party leader. He said he hoped Diefenbaker would "sleep tight in his castle Mr. Clark."

Diefenbaker's remarks might be written off as mere Clark ad hoc support in the wake of an old man just past the prime (the party lost in fact they were elected previously by more Tory and just warriors. With friends like that inside his own party, Clark could still lead the Tory conference from a last standing to the bottom—least of political oblivion. LARRY GREENE

### As foretold in prophecy

Eleven years ago, Prime Minister Louis Pearson told John Chisholm, then a fugitive, that he would one day become Canada's first French-speaking female premier. It was a goal that stood in Chisholm's mind over the years as he attacked the political ladder in Ottawa. Now he has reached that objective, in a position nobody expected. Clark, the Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in 1968 considered "I don't know whether we should congratulate him or give him our condolences."

Chisholm is a daring politician at any time, and as some critics call it, a workaholic, stability in Quebec, business leadership, long management, and government management has left the Canadian economy in a mess. When parliament resumed sitting, October 17, the premiere of Jean Chisholm as senior Minister in his previous portfolio, most recently as deputy premier, British Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Heath, whom Chisholm met in Barbados at a Commonwealth conference in his first official function in his first office, had some advice for his new colleague: "The first thing is you must have a sense of humor," commented Heath, who has survived for almost four years—packed years in the portfolio. "Secondly,

you must never expect to be thanked if things go well, but you must expect to be blamed if things aren't going well even if it isn't your fault."

The main difference between Chrétien and his predecessor, Donald Macdonald, is likely to be in style. The new minister can be expected to use the portfolio as a platform to impress Quebecers on the harsh economic realities of unemployment, a role in which Macdonald, a Toronto man, was never quite credible. Chrétien is an ardent defender of the sort of person who will threaten to leave a private dinner if his host begins to sound somewhat repetitive. With his folksy language and his humble background (he is one of 19 children born to a working-class family in Shawinigan), he is held in contempt by the intellectuals in Quebec. Even his relationship with Trudeau is not close, although it is one of mutual respect. But he is far more to be reckoned with in the smaller industrial towns in Quebec and he is a bona fide political star in the rest of Canada.

But in substance, Chrétien is unlikely to differ from Macdonald. He may put more emphasis on solving unemployment than did Macdonald who was preoccupied with inflation (see box). But he will have the same senior advisors as Macdonald (seniority is a sacred respect, Tim Sheehy will continue as deputy if a place makes) and he has no doctrine of his own to impose on economic policy. His first task will be to set a date for the beginning of "Vocational"—the phasing out of the two-year-old wage-price control program—and coping with demands for more selective tax cuts or spending programs.

Despite the gloomy economic statistics now being shared out, Chrétien may have taken on finance as an opportunist. The economy looked stronger over the next year, with both unemployment and inflation rates falling even if the government takes no action, according to recent forecasts.

The same cannot be said for the Quebec



situation. After both Quebec premier René Lévesque and most of the English-speaking members had rejected Trudeau's proposal for special status for Quebec in the area of language rights, everyone was awaiting the Prime Minister's next step. It was to appoint Marc Lalonde as his alternate responsible for federal-provincial relations, the only imaginative move in an otherwise uninspired cabinet shuffle. While Lalonde's appointment was greeted with a cheer by the opposition Conservatives (they called him "myrd"), he should bring some coherence to the muddled "national unity" scene in Ottawa.

Replacing Lalonde in the health and

welfare portfolio is Monique Bégin, lifted from obscurity as revenue minister. Bégin's appointment surprised Liberal senators, who view her as overly emotional and somewhat self-indulgent. Less surprising was the appointment of Jack Horner as trade minister. He was promoted something big when he jumped off the Tory ship last spring and Trade was open with Chrétien moving to Finance. But Horner's appointment does create some uneasiness because he is now responsible for the protection of Canada's aging textile industry and for the Foreign Investment Review Agency, although he is both a free trader and a protectionist. Says the independent-minded Horner: "I acknowledge that all eyes will be watching me to see what the devil I do."

IAN/ROB HART

## A little too early to say too much, eh, Mr. Chrétien?

What are Jean Chrétien's plans for the finance ministry? It is early even for Chrétien to say for sure, but he outlined some of his thoughts in an interview with *Maclean's*.

On his priorities: unemployment or inflation? "My preoccupation is with unemployment. It is my main problem. But you cannot divorce unemployment from inflation."

On a date for elections: "There are a lot of complex factors. If you wait too long, there is a bubble. If you go too quickly, are you sure the inflation mentality is out? I am weighing all that now in my mind."



On a flat budget: "If that there is a need for a budget, there will be one. But I must

quote there as a need. I make plans, but I'm not doctrinaire against it."

On dialogue with business and labor: "I think we have to keep talking. The problem is that we've been talking since 1970 and we've had very little success. But if I don't try, I won't know."

On government spending to create jobs: "Spending by the government is not the answer. (But) it can be a partial solution in an area where there is nothing else. You have extremely difficult structural problems in Canada that fiscal and monetary policies cannot solve. Perhaps there are areas where we should invest some money."

On tax cuts: "Perhaps what is needed at this time is to encourage the private sector to make jobs. There was a lot of incentive in the last budget brought down by Macdonald and the results are not yet as visible as one would like."

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# Unfaded glory

Ladies and gentlemen, we give you... The Queen!

By David Cobb

The young chap was fresh off the boat from Britain, with his head down. He was working in Victoria's gold-mining towns in northern Ontario and he hated it. He lived in a room eight feet square, one of several above a store on Pitt Street, down the hill there was an old German, who did little but watch television with his door open. The German spoke poor English, the Loney chap, who devoted himself even more than usual to his job, spoke to him not at all. Come Christmas, and the youth had never felt so lonely in his life. He decided to get royally drunk and was starting on his routine form of self-abuse when there was a knock on the door. It was the German. "The Queen comes on," he said. "English, no? Perhaps you watch with me."

Long before, scarcely into pre-pubesence, the Loney had fallen in love with a photo of the young Princess Elizabeth making a wartime broadcast for the war. Stunned beyond his years, he had—no letter—offered his hand in marriage. He thought that this Christmas was hardly the time to renege on an acquaintance so brutally terminated by rejection. But in a



The Queen in Canada, as Princess Elizabeth (left) and shows in 1951, square-dancing at Government House in Ottawa and attending, with Philip, an event called "The Little Steamboat" in Calgary, opening the St. Lawrence Seaway in 1959 with Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. His wife, Olive, President Dwight Eisenhower and wife, Mamie, in official portrait in 1967 (bottom) with the Pearson cabinet.



Share  
your good  
fortune.



spirit of what he held he said today which is how the Luney and the Kraut sat down together and watched one of Queen Elizabeth's men: being Christmas messages filled with mixed uplift about home and fluently, and how the Commonwealth brought people together.

"The usual bromides," the Luney thought, and looked to see how the Kraut was taking them. The German was weeping, and remained so until the talk was over. At last he blew his nose, wiped his eyes and said: "Lovely lady, yes, our Queen!" The young chap always standing in the presence of strong emotions, was enormously astonished. Answering how potent cheap music can be, Noel Coward once observed: "as powerful as a sausage-binder's repulse."

But all that was some years ago. October 14 to 19 the Queen visits Ottawa, her sole Canadian visit in her Silver Jubilee year, and when it is all over voices will be heard asking whether it was all worth it. Some of these voices will be in the media, and the answer—since creeping republicanism is spreading like poison ivy—will in some cases be a carefully phrased No. I wonder what the German in Toronto would make of it today, and how many feel as powerfully about the monarchy now as he did. Few, perhaps as powerfully as a Canadian brigadier-general did in 1913. Speaking to a Son of England meeting in Ottawa, St. Pierre Hughes merely explained that "Canada is being flooded with the seven of central Europe who have no allegiance to the British Crown." Skiddily the Latins and Slavs are getting the upper hand.

The changes since then have included the Sons of England, a young group in the Twenties with more than 30,000 members, dedicated to preserving the English connection and loyalty to the Crown, a group in 1977 at 99 only slightly more than the average age of its few remaining members. And naturally, the Latins and Slavs the big danger dimmed, pouring in a few tens of thousands, have upset the British balance. However, the most common mistake is to assume that those who support the Crown are nothing but a bunch of superstitious warm. The Mestizian League of Canada, founded seven years ago with 16 people, now has more than 12,000 members across Canada—and only about 35% of them are British-descended or less than the national per capita average of a little more than 40.

"Among the 100,000 hundreds of Italians in southern Ontario, hundreds of Ukrainians in the west," says John Aizema. He is a young Quebecer who teaches school in Montreal and founded the league when he was 15 "because I sensed a growing erosion of the Crown's importance by the Liberal government." The Mestizian League believes that the Crown is our best guarantee of freedom, parliamentary democracy, minority rights. "The trouble," Aizema continues, "is that we're

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For too good a hear nothing but the clever manipulations of the CAC, as written like Allan Fotheringham in Maclean's. I think there's something wrong when Canada can spend \$2.5 million to reach the U.S. Congress but nothing like that for the Queen's Jubilee. There should be a massive revolt of Canadians to prevent a remarkable situation disappearing against the will as I see it, of the average guy. If we don't do something, we'll be a republic in 10 years."

Apart from the Monarchist League of Canada, who will care? In June, a poll conducted by the CAC's *News magazine* suggested that 85% of Canadian refuse Canada is a parliamentary democracy but that only 29% know that it is a monarchy, that 68% think the head of state is the Prime Minister, 15% know it to be the Queen. To a third question—The head of state is the Queen, should the Queen and her descendants continue to rule?—51% said yes, 46% no. Such curious ambivalence makes Prime Minister Trudeau's insistence about the subject more understandable. After attending some of the Queen's Jubilee celebrations in England, he was asked about his views on the monarchy by a group of Oxford University students: "He would be better if we were in some common room without the media," he began, "but let me try to answer that without knowing half the votes in Canada." The answer, from a man who in more recent years regarded the Queen as being lower on his list of priorities than skiing, he could not afford the "emotional entry" needed to fight a symbol often believed as. A symbol, the Prime Minister might have added that costs Canada absolutely nothing to maintain."

The trouble is that it's a symbol that has a powerful effect on a large number of Canadians today. If the Prime Minister's "half the votes of Canada" is correct—and it seems to be backed by the third part of *News magazine's* poll—the Crown is hardly the winning force it is meant to be. Last year, in another poll, 65% of Quebecers thought the Queen had no place among the Olympic Games. Remnants with long memories recalled that once before the Queen and Prince Philip had been indignantly welcomed by the same province but that was 23 years before and perhaps have changed many *Maclean's* reactions to the Crown—to at best indifference, at worst active resentment.

In Britain, the Jubilee year has supplied its own share of extraordinary English anecdotes, notably one from the Lord Chamberlain.

"The last moment of Queen Elizabeth's William Armstrong the Great Locomotive No. 1 is certainly going to show the Queen's visit to Britain. That one is 115, about 10.5 million English millions pounds, or simply more than the country's National Health Act for compensation after years before. Elizabeth's visit to the country is the last time she will be in the country. The Queen might like to have been the first that the fourth of Queen Victoria's world to announce can also mean it. Queen Victoria's making was paid in his earlier years but he had not been deceased "during the Majesty's pleasure."

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The British press may have overstated the case, but the royal visit to Quebec City in 1984 did meet the fledgling Quebec-nationalist movement's demand, as photographed by student Isaacson (left).

berlin, arbiters in matters of what is royal fitting, also turned down a request from a Luxembourg poetry to make Jewish parties on the grounds that they would be "in bad taste." The Lord Chamberlain did however allow the poetry to make Jewish parties, poems with an extra handle, butting, abuse, or otherwise, his brain hard from playing John Osborne (*Look Back In Anger*, *The Zookeeper*) who in 1951 called the monarchy "a gold filling in a mouth full of decay." The same year Lord Altrincham visited an even greater favor (such is the growing power of the peerage) with much more detailed an-

nals in a magazine piece he condemned her entourage and her speaking style ("best of a jiggish schoolgirl, a pretent and a breath of confusion for confirmation"), and added: "When she has lost the bloom of youth the Queen's reputation will depend for more than it does now, upon her personality... As yet there is little sign that such a personality is emerging."

Far less potent Altrincham was called "a boundary he should be shot," by the Earl of Sandwich (famously named in *There I Lay My Trust*), and was punched in the face on 19. Today, writing as plain John Glegg, Altrincham has come to his senses—and the Queen has become a better speaker, developed a warmer personality. She deserves, he wrote this summer, "much of the praise now lavished on her. She has done her duty almost to perfection (and) already has to be hailed as unquestionably a good queen. In the rest of her reign, will she prove that she can be a great one?"

To her admirers she is well on the way. When on the sudden death of her father George VI in February 1952 she acceded to the throne—in her late childhood—while sitting in a row looking at elephants in Kenya's Aberdare Forest—she became at once a fairy-tale queen: young, attractive, vulnerable, married to a brave blond prince of Danish blood, she would herald a new Elizabethan era to rival, say, Richard, the splendor achieved by Elizabeth I,

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whose speech to her fleet at Tilbury on the approach of the Spanish Armada in 1588 ("I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a King, and of a King of England") struck the kind of chords that echo down centuries. Elizabeth II, the fairy queen, was exposed to do no less. It hasn't raised out that way of course: real income is double what it was for the average worker 25 years ago; the numbers of homes with cars and phones have quadrupled, but the grey hairs of unemployment, explosive increases in the cost of living, endless strikes and a couldn't-care-less bohemian have

Contested Year at King '87 with Pearson and, with pomp, eloquence and the RCMP, riding in the Manitoba legislature

made the old country look like a rotten plant too long on the bough.

The second Elizabeth could never have emulated the first for constitutional reasons. The latter was an executive monarch who ran the show. Laid off resigned. What II often is less charismatic, vice-believing and dignified person the old series—the importance of honor, duty, loyalty. And so when the trendy Sixties came along, with loyalty to nothing but pop singers and the brass gear, the monarchy dropped

in popularity. Peter was seen to be borsky rather than brave, a man with a tendency to rough warriors whose primary factor came from the breathtaking confidence with which they were viewed, the jag-tailored bow appeared, Charles was considered by the King's Road sharpies to have been back a regrettably short dick and the Queen herself was mocked as dowdy, miserably crumbly, hopelessly out with it. "How apt!" you could hear the snickers say when they found out the Palace staff called the Queen, Brenda, Philip Keith and Margaret Yvonne.

Then the Sixties ended and after the kangaroo from all their identities swinging

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the Royals were seen to be much the same as they were before—and the better for not having changed: they were the ship of state's best, rather than its rotter. And while everything else was clearly working badly, the monarchy was plainly working well. The Queen was particularly reassuring, comfortable, unflappable without guile. If she was strange about her dreadful yipping little Welsh corgis... well, she was also a home breeder who really knew her stuff. "If it were not for my Archbishop of Canterbury," she once explained, "as head of the Church of England, I should be off on my plane to Longshamps every Sunday." People could understand that, besides, it was neither else nor better.

Still, the monarchy works only in so far as the monarch, and since the dreadful William IV (1765-1837) the Crown has been lucky in the choice of who has worn it. Victors went on a bit long, true, but the royal dignity is a shipshape office. Edward VII, with all his marriage, was too old (59) when he came to the throne, but he stayed just long enough to lend his name to a decade of elegance and style. His second son, George V, called himself (succinctly) "a very ordinary fellow" but he was a decorated one and admired because of it. Grandpa England to his granddaughters Elizabeth. George's wife was the redoubtable Queen Mary, who had married him only after first being repugnant to his elder brother, the lionheart Duke of Clarence, medieval Christian, a stirp who would put even his father to shame and was treated in at least one far too vivid before he could reach the throne. Just as mercifully, Mary's eldest son abdicated: Edward VIII's flirtation with fascism and his dereliction of royal duties have been regarded by his successors, according to Robert Lacey's wide-ranging *Monarchy* as a stain on the monarchy and the House of Windsor.

Nobody would have believed Roman and his Elspeth was lucky with George VI. He was a charming, diffident man who on hearing of his brother's abdication pined went to his mother and wept. He seemed such an unlikely second choice that there was even some urgent discussion about whether he should be passed over in favor of the Duke of Kent, his younger brother who had had a bout of drug addiction in the Twenties but possessed much more confidence and panache. Panache proved unnecessary: George VI was loved because of his stammer and diffidence, not in spite of them—and besides, he stayed in Buckingham Palace through the Blitz. His elder daughter, it turned out, wanted the job so more than he did. Since the Crown is passed on through the male line, if it stays began prying daily had he really had a better chance as the richest what was ultimately in store.

There is no record of how long these prayers lasted, but we can be thankful she is older than Margaret, whose reputation for bored and tacitly arrogant uniformity precedes her. The Queen has grown

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Princess Anne joined her mother at an anti-nuclearism on Resolute Bay in 1970. In 1975 the Queen attended the Olympic (left) after her U.S. Bicentennial tour

with the job and her weekly audience with her parents-in-law have surprised some of those who expected little more than a listening head, occupying the most costly bedrooms. Her grasp of world and domestic affairs is astute and she never spares her daily reading of "the book"—those secret reports from various departments sent for her personal (and so routinely ignored) by her uncle, who would leave them lying about where guests could read them, or use them as fodder for morning. Once early on in his first term as Prime Minister, Har-

old Wilson was caught out in an address, unprepared on a subject the Queen knew inside out from the books. He did not make the same mistake again and in 1975 the memory must have been clear. "I shall certainly advise my successor to do his homework before he addresses," Wilson said in his retirement speech, "or he will feel like an unprepared schoolboy." Peter Townsend, former son-in-law of Princess Margaret, fished out the idea once and privately in the late Sixties. "The Royal Family are no fools, any of them—it's just some of the people you have to go through to get to them. Good Lord!"

Seriously the public perception of her as deluded by the smiling face, the winning hand, does her less than justice. Underneath the surface, gradually, people strike rock. Allen King, the Canadian film maker (*White Hot*, *Seven Year Itch*, *Our Night*, *Shall*) who made a spot of film with her for Expo '86, 1987, remembers her as "funny, friendly—but the moment she thinks you presume too much, a wall of ice goes up. She's a very tough lady."

Once, after a Palace reception, her foreign secretary of the time, presented too much with his good-night kisses. From the royal hand, then the royal vent. He was moving on to the royal bathroom where he was served in short with a touch of whip to the flanks. "Fair enough, Foreign Secretary," and the head of state in a voice that seemed to issue from the Queen Mother.

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The Little Princesses, Elizabeth (left) and Margaret, flanking their parents, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, in 1939

The ceremony of this is that the Queen is not easily frightened. Former Home Secretary R. A. (now Lord) Butler remembers going with Prime Minister Harold Macmillan to advise her on behalf of the British cabinet not to undertake a certain trip to Ghana because of a real danger of assassination, such advice the Queen being constitutionally bound to accept. He listed them out, and replied: "I thank you for your advice, but I'll have my courage; what is it? I ask you to return to my quarters and ask them to reconsider their advice to me." Now that's Elizabethan, so, of course, they did, and she went, and the trip was a colossal success. Similarly she showed no

more obvious in step with agglutination from display no fear for history, despite no sense of awe. The British Royals, going back 800 years, are unimpaired but not unchangeable; they still supply England's dignity in an age that does not encourage it, and manage to be our attractions almost everywhere they go.

Even in those places where they don't go. Cumberland, a former coal-mining town of about 2000 on northern Vancouver Island which has actively celebrated Empire Day (May 24) for 85 years was temporarily dropped at the last minute from the Queen's touring schedule in 1971—a winding blow to the inhabitants who had spent months preparing for it. With an Monarch of stature that is now as hazy as the time but has got over it possibly well, has now spent a week celebrating the Jubilee this year. "The Crown," says Monarch, "is what holds us together."

Not many at the moment would agree with that 3,000 miles away in Quebec, but that if any is of a sufficiently reasonable sort of mind, can be seen as part of the mystery. In many ways the monarchy must be taken on faith, the fact that many do and apparently derive no lasting harm from it is but much pleasure would be fully understood by Queen Elizabeth, the 17th-century French scientist-philosopher "The least but its reasons," he wrote, "that reason knows nothing of." The long-age Georges at Toronto leave that, too. ☐



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# The Big Casino

In Alberta, all bets are on—legally

By Suzanne Zwarun



It's only ten-thirty seven-thirty Thursday night in Calgary. They feed down the side-walks at windows. At the downtown Calgary convention centre, the Four Seasons dining room is emptying fast. The Show-bar is well into its final act, the rented cars have parked in front, the night sweaters are being pulled out. You can hear the music. An occasional plastic rattle, the clanging of plastic chips against plastic chips, drifts up the street. Cars through the city night the way a croupier's chip rattles the country air. The action, played by hundreds of employees in mostly fading decades of gambling days, starts in noon meetings in Calgary and Edmonton and ends at 2 a.m. long after the bars are closed and desires have dimmed their lights. It's a Daneson Rayson dream, the largest floor-blackjack game in Canada and it's totally legal.

It's also a great business. If gambling is the sin some think, Alberta likes to keep the sinners away, the setting stark. The casino's sign, knotted together out of unpainted plywood, sets a mood that makes Calgary's Casino beer parlour seem, by comparison, leisurely cozy. There are acres of pay-tils, watched by enough men to light a football field. No crime, just the manicured flatter of the crown and anchor wheel, the clattering of chips. No booze, just a table doing out hot dogs, soft drinks, coffee. No glittering clothes, no crystal chandeliers, no off-duty show girls.

No class at all. But the flowing blackjack game only needs people and people (that's why, in some ways, and women are added to every semicircular table, late comers piled up two and three deep behind them, silently awaiting their turn at a chrome stool.

Las Vegas it's not. But if casinos, Canadian style, have all the charm of the bank that belittled Stephen Leacock, the money is real enough and there's enough pay to launch a mini-bank. Twenty, 50, 100 dollar bills flutter across the felt in blue, red or orange as they sweep back. At one table, a tall, dark-haired woman pushes blue \$25 chips, the table maximum. A slight, grey-haired man, playing two hands, works his way through three 20s, a 50 and 100 in an hour. Without a hint of a lurch,

Dealing a little blackjack in Calgary's Sheraton Hotel: a province on a streak

without losing spoken a word, he settles away and a mid-faced man, triple chess juggling like jelly on a stick, hovers himself over the stool. He methodically empties his pockets of \$25 chips until he has \$300 worth stacked in neat four-pile piles. A change of dealer changes the run of cards and the fit man soon has his own little pile of chips cascading over the table. Then he drops \$100 and a pair too.

If he coughs his chips and run, he'll be the exception. In Calgary and Edmonton during August casinos were clearing \$10,000 a day. It's the biggest thing to happen in the city since the first golf course opened in front of the city. In one August week in Calgary, the Pembroke Hotel won Community Association made \$20,000 on Monday and Tuesday, the Silver Springs Community Association netted just over \$10,000 on Wednesday and Thursday, the Fraternal Order of Eagles netted \$10,000 on Friday and Saturday. Counting everything from same thing, bingo, Alberta's gambled away \$200 million last year. That's \$103 for every adult, \$103 a head more than their American counterparts spent.

Clearly, Albertans are hooked. In Calgary, a city where you'd have trouble getting a majority to agree on motherhood and God, a poll found 75% of the city in favor of charity casinos. Government and police are growing increasingly uneasy, however. Attorney General Ben Foster worries at regular intervals that casinos will be infiltrated by professional criminals. His department, almost as regularly, issues new, stricter rules for gambling but the reason outcry that greeted the latest set of tightening up proposals saved the stakes quo, at least until February. The delay doesn't sit well with police. Calgary Police Chief Brian Sawyer calls casinos "dangerous moral corrupters... temptations for crime figures." He pointed last March it would be "only a matter of time until the Calgary Convention Centre becomes a gambling corporation operating at night a week."

In fact, the only thing missing the Convention Centre from that list is the Alberta government's desire that there can be only one casino operating in a city on any one day—the centre has to share. Calgary because with other hotels and the occasional clubhouse. Without that damper, Calgary and Edmonton would rival Las Vegas. Licensing officials are swamped with 100 applicants for every available casino date.

The casino craze started quietly. In 1967, the Edmonton Exhibition decided a few blackjack tables would add a gold rush touch to the annual Klondike Days celebration. By this summer, the original four tables had exploded into the Golden Gate Casino—jack tables and four roulette wheels humming along 16 hours a day, 10 days a week. Even so, Edmonton has been outstripped by Calgary. The Stampede site has just run 120 blackjack tables and four rou-



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If Albertans aren't in bedchambers in the British bootmakers, they have taken more of a fancy to casinos than other Canadians. Since 1979, several more to the Ontario Code, any province can license casinos for charitable or religious purposes during apocalyptic times. Most provinces do, sporadically, and every summer the Yukon sets up Diamond Tooth Gertie's Gambling Hall for the tourists. But only in Alberta have casinos become a year-round entertainment. Daily gambling is limited to Calgary and Edmonton, but a casino-less night is neither city leaves players in twitches as an addict in search of a fix. "We were lucky because the casino ahead of us cancelled out at the last minute," says a volunteer who recently mounted a casino. "When we were setting up the day before, we had a steady stream of people coming in to ask us if we were operating. By the time we opened, the lineup stretched all the way down the hall and out to the street."

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were to top \$10 million dollars.

The provincial government took a whole nother viewing of the retail with slots. Four years ago, a Calgary charity was in a bind for its needed help but charges didn't track. Three years ago a cheating scandal erupted at the Stampede when two dealers were found to be colluding with slot players. Both were treated as isolated incidents until Attorney General Fournier popped open the legislation last year to announce he had solid reasons to believe out-of-province "underworld interests" were behind the "gambling" risk of applications for casino permits. "You'll never know who took you," he thundered at chambers but the Attorney General has been notoriously vague about what organizations are recruited, what "business outside Canada" are coming into Alberta looking for a "business" and what kind of "questionable deals" are being promoted by "casino promoters."

Wherever the threat, the bid turned casino-driven last summer. Casinos were limited to one case at a time, organizations were cut back from week-long casinos to two-day events, once a year. The Calgary and Edmonton exhibitors escaped the two-day rule but lost their spring and fall casinos and license fees jumped to about \$50,000 from \$1,000. Table limits were set at \$25 for casinos up to 50 tables, \$50 for casinos with 120 tables. Players even got a break: dealers lost their "hole" card, all



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cash are now dealt face up. Last spring the government laid another tactic: Dealers working 12-hour shifts were cut back to the eight-hour shift stipulated by the labor act. Then fall the government planned to cut casinos from back to eight a day, limit dealers' pay and beef up the bank's casino units with. The proposals were withdrawn after an onslaught of protests.

Even the government's own casino watchdog went in hot for the casinos. Ron Sheppard, 48, hired by the government in March, 1976, to oversee the casino controls, ruminates on more controls on salaries, management fees and rental costs. A 17-year veteran of the sector's gambling squad, Sheppard says flatly that Alberta's casino rules are already the toughest in Canada. "The Edmonton Exhibition went through \$3.1 million last year and in the end there was only \$4.50 unaccounted for. Show me a corporation handling that much money that does as well." A 24-hour-a-day hot line set up by Sheppard to take gambling complaints, early gets a report on a casino irregularity. And the controls have won acclaim from *Auge*, *Le Nou*, an international casino newsletter. It reports that a symposium of American and Canadian law officials were "impressed" by Alberta's tough rules. "The procedures which borrow little from Nevada, are deemed by law enforcement experts to be the most effective in the world today."

Local police remain skeptical. "What the hell do the Eagles know about running casinos?" asks one inspector. "They're at the mercy of the people they hire." Malcolm Grant, organizer of the Pembroke Meadows August casino, admits he's no expert. "The money won here in Las Vegas I had no idea what a casino was and I wouldn't recognize organized crime if I got over it. But I really can't see the problem." Grant points out that charities rent equipment, dealers and advisers rent the rented help is forbidden to touch any money. Charitable volunteers handling money go through a system of checks and counterchecks, tabulating every dime it imple-

cates, with there's 715 pounds of paperwork by the end of the night. Every volunteer is cleared by the slot department, casino money is guarded by a security force and transported by trucks, government officials lower to make sure everything is running smoothly.

Further rule tightening would only open the way for organized crime, casino-wide volunteers agree. Chits now borrow the casino floor, usually \$10,000 to \$25,000 from local banks, offering as collateral on a three-day loan rather association property or the personal signatures of three members. A government proposal to increase the limit, perhaps to \$70,000, would be an

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invitation to lose sharks and underwater money snakes, they claim. "A small group is going to have trouble coming up with \$70,000," says Fred Tokarski, a former director of the Federation of Calgary Communities. "Banks think twice about lending that kind of money and so those people are going to want to sign for it. I'll throw the whole business into the hands of under-ventures offering to put up front money for a percentage of the take."

No one seriously expects the Mafia to start taking out constituency group memberships to get in on the action. Dealers, most of them trained in criminal college-sponsored schools, are impeccably responsible businessmen, smart, very studious, and moonlighters. Don Blundie, who deals a casino once a month in a lobby, says there are no full-time Alberta dealers yet, although one can make \$400 during a 10-day fix. Even though Albertaans are paid more than Las Vegas dealers—five dollars an hour—eight-hour shifts cut down the take, tips are scant and it's "mentally and physically demanding job... too much to handle six days a week." That leaves the equipment supplier suspect. To dodge the back-slashers—but a doozy in Calgary, five in Edmonton—keep a low profile. And even protesting a government proposal to limit table rentals to \$25 a night. But suppliers also argue the government's controls are unworkable. "I could see organized crime getting involved five years to Vegas-style casinos with private hotels operating year round for their own profits," says Will Gordon of Imperial Amusements. "But

The table rental may be set by law, but Alberta still blew \$200 million in 1976



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the only thing we could steal now are players' coats. That's the only thing we got now."

Suppliers, volunteers and gaming officials share one wonder: Casino traffic dumboled them all. A regular clientele snails the casinos almost nightly, but where they get their money is anyone's guess. "We don't get the Cadillac trade," says a volunteer. "It's mostly working-class people and old-age pensioners but they're tossing around \$100 bills." Big winners are rare. Milesin Nesel, a statistics professor at the University of Calgary who has studied gambling for a decade, has never heard of an Alberta winning more than a couple of thousand dollars. It's possible. A Chicago soldier won \$127,000 at blackjack during the Second World War and two American bookie bosses in 1958 when they took an estimated \$250,000 over several days. It's possible. Nesel grumbles, to get "hooked and ruined" gambling. "I've talked to two people recently who were complete nuts. They were spending days and nights trying to develop winning systems. Real casual case. Gambling is mentally, physically and psychologically dangerous, more dangerous than alcohol by far. The government is taking in money on gambling. It should be covering some of that as studies on the sociological implications, on education. But there's nothing being done here."

Nesel is a lovely voice. An attempt to



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start a Gambler's Anonymous Board and when some single potential members signed up. The government has just been told a complaint about anyone blowing the privacy money on blackjack. Alberta privacy boards haven't an entertaining sense of yams, like their Reno counterparts, about guys prying out their gold fillings with pliers or trying to lock their wooden leg to make money for the tables.

Still in dispute is whether Albertans have any notion what they're doing. Alberta-Las Vegas traffic has always been brisk, currently four flights daily to Vegas, two to Reno (compared with only five daily flights to Toronto). But if some Albertans commute regularly and presumably learn how to gamble, others make the experts shudder. "I've never seen so many incompetent players under one roof," spazzes a Vegas regular hoping to be recruited "as a guy who owns a blackjack casino in Calgary." Denial says there are good blackjack players and bad, while some haven't caught on "probably because it looks unappreciable to the average person." Schoolteacher Linda Bakos, who deals at the Alberta fair circuit this summer, says down-sport players will corner a whole table and give the house a run for its money. "Then, that's the guy who dropped \$600 in an hour and the people who split 10s which are almost as automatic win. You get all kinds."

The Chinese community, however, stuns everyone's respect. Alberta legislated last fall on players equipped. Chateau gambling rooms with low, slinky doorways, barely pressing police jammed fast. The Chinese have moved their expertise downstairs to the casinos, says volunteer Denis Blonnie who regularly watched two dozen the Silver Savings casino with \$1,000 profits. "They play in groups, trying to work a system. One system, which may or may not work, is to have the last guy, the anchor man, bet the most deliberately but in hope of pulling a five card away from the dealer. That also gives his friends,

who bet high, a better chance to win. You'll see the women tossing the anchor man \$10 bills to keep going."

Mathematician Nesel, who programmed the U of C computer to detect any blackjack dealer, claims system work but, the human brain isn't up to memorizing all of it. Computer can beat its own odds and drive enough to slip into a casino. But the computer room has started Blonnie's Lake Tahoe last spring spotted a consistent winner who seemed most intent on his pocket than his cards. When his winnings hit \$18,000, security moved in, arrested and found electronic paraphernalia. The rest of his team were

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gabriel and later let go. There's no low yet against blackjack computers. Noval predicts multi-computers that can't be detected will be financially feasible in three years. "Then the casinos are in trouble."

That thought is already haunting the gambling-averse devotees of blackjack and craps. "Nobody's going down yet," is the refrain volunteered with the reverence accorded a muse. One cleared only \$1,000 in two days, \$30,000 a day isn't as good as last year's \$30,000. "But you do have to sell a lot of craps to make that kind of money. Nothing else legal makes as much. I don't know how long it can last but while it does."

The fastest blackjack game ever made has evolved around Calgary and come to run for another weekend at the Convention Centre. At 5 p.m. on a Friday, the barn is full of couples postponing the prospect of going home alone. The gambling crowd is solitary by choice. They come in couples and groups and split awkwardly at the door, to go over separate tables ready to prove themselves the first empty stool. A polyester Indian headdress allows with a halting hyacinth in a headband — a souvenir worn in a sun and a weathered exhibitor share quiet conversations. A gaggle of Chinese women sympathize with a grouchy-looking executive who had just dropped eight \$25 chips in a row. Mostly they sit silent, silent on the cards. It's hard to believe several hundred people have no hole to say to each other like the chips never stop clattering.

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# Yesterday Country

Standing tribute to the pioneering spirit

Photos by Ronald Woodall

This is the way they came to the west "After climbing the steep mountains, we kept on travelling without meeting any settlers, till the evening of the 26th of September, 1846, when I had the misfortune of losing (sic) my father and mother-in-law, both having been called to their long home at about the same hour, and at the same hour in which my respected father expired, my beloved wife gave birth to a lively little girl." They brought their animals, their tools and their contents, looking for houses and farms and, above all, peace. They built houses, schools, churches and whole towns. But the towns that they built and the empires that they used have long ago been abandoned. Like the transient workers of a just conclusion, the tools and buildings of the pioneer are of value because

of what they say about the people who used them.

*Taken By The Wind* (General Publishing \$29.95) is a panoramic examination of the vanishing architecture of the west.

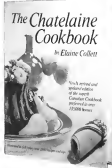


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Ronald Woodall, the Vancouver painter and photographer who worked with T.H. Watkins to create the book, explains how it came about: "This book began one cold spring morning over a decade ago. Standing alone in the absolute silence of a morning ghost town I felt a shiver run through my bones. Before me was an empty street of broken, long-abandoned, weathered old wooden buildings. The recollections of their exquisite beauty and fragile impermanence struck me with what seemed a very private voice."

The spine of the book ranges over an immense, cancerous body of land, west of Winnipeg and north of the Rio Grande. In his introduction, Watkins writes: "Three million square miles of mountains, deserts, plains, rivers and canyons, infinitely various as all its parts—but it is not merely this their grandeur



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of the landscape that seduces our attention and captures our imagination. For European men—men of our own kind and character—have been at work in this land for more than four centuries and in the process have assembled a body of myth,

legend, experience and history that is the common inheritance of two nations: Canada and the United States.”

Woodall's gleaming obsessions has one major underlying characteristic: simplicity. Whether his photographs build up

or beat-a-beat, the mood is spare, spare and simple. By looking at the remnants of these communities, Woodall and Warkus communicate much about the inhabitants.

The people who built western North America were, above all else, just that,

*builders.* Between 1850 and the turn of the century, thousands of men sprang up between Mexico and Alaska. The explosion of growth prompted one writer to compare the “rugged, scrubby custom of stretching ‘city’ to every place of more than

three houses.” The small towns of the Canadian and American west tended to run on the same formula: a main street, a livery stable, general store, saloon hotel, church hall, butcher shop and, upon either, a hotel. The grade of the larger settlements

was the civic opera house, a symbol of the attempt to transplant elements of the eastern “culture” the pioneers had left behind. The commentary which accompanies the photographs in the book is not meant to be taken as history.

Timothy R. Smith/Photo



Miner house, Dawson City, Yukon



Arctic, River, Yukon



Post Office, Dawson City, Yukon



Watkins' text complements Woodall's photographs as a window to the life of the pioneer. When Watkins talks of the old-time ground stove, he writes of an institution that was almost a way of life. "Not merely goods—the floor and land and

sugar and coffee, the utensils and tools and harnesses, the calico and gingham, ribbons, buttons and beads, dyes and patent medications, kumson and jam etc., etc. but also and new-bladed Barlow knives, rock crabs, horsehairs and beaver drops all for

a penny—but even the measuring forms of society." The pictures and text explore what Watkin Woodall calls the "homestead of abandonment." A third of the western buildings photographed for the book have already disappeared and an-

other third will disappear in the 1980s. Woodall talks about how they were made divided in the first place. "For any worker of reason, people have wisely walked away from their homes and their farms, leaving entire cities and towns empty. The

buildings that remain, structures erected by simple people, with simple tools for simple, functional reasons, were highly personal undertakings and the result of high folk sculpture. These simple country buildings cannot be saved. They cannot

be refashioned like a spinning wheel for some suburban living room. They cannot be towed to a garage for restoration like a vintage car. They cannot justify the space they take and no law can protect them. And that is sad." ☐

Ghost town of Quivira, Forts, Green, Colorado



Fort Sinton, Alberta



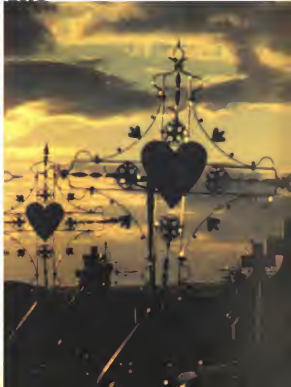
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# An Act of Templeton

For his next miracle, an international best seller

By Barbara Amiel

Charles is next to Godwin. Now in the apocalyptic Toronto apartment of author-broadcaster Charles Templeton, where Pearl the elephant lady is waging the payments off the fridge door and Charles himself is royally seated on the rust-colored sofa-to-wall, broadsheets talking earnestly about his next

project and then someone's work schedule and, as an afterthought, the goals in his life, all the school missions are remembered. God helps those who help themselves. Thirty-eight floors below, Templeton's Threadford rests in the garage. Tomorrow he will drive it out to his home (or is it five) bedroom cottage on Georgian Bay. He has lawyers have just left calculating and reassembling all of his—his patented downstuffed furniture, the darning board and vase of Toronto, the second soup with little reaching embroidered head ties in the guest bathroom—is his.

In front of Templeton, just a casual stretch away from where he is sitting in velvet armchairs, appeared up ("I have wearing, too") and leather shoes, a copy of today's Toronto Star. The multi-printed downstuffed mirror on the wall, a half-view from the white-on-white chrome and glass decor of his second marriage, reflects the newspaper in a hopelessly jumble and when Templeton holds up the news to read, it's a blur to him. He doesn't have his glasses handy but anyway he practically knows the items by heart. It's the game column, and is between a paragraph on the late Elton Freedy and his wife Brenda Lee is a little newspaper sheet.

"A local copy," writes the Star columnist, "tipping through Charles Templeton's much belated new novel *Act of God* and *The Pleasant*, and so on and so on, a game in price, a book's a book although there's nothing at it." Templeton looks bewildered. "What's the point of this?" he asks urgently.

The point is that at 61, Charles Templeton has chafed up yet another success, making in the space of 15 weeks be-

come a multi-millionaire. Evangelist, journalist, broadcaster and now writer, Templeton's *Act of God* (his second novel—the first was *The Kidnapping of The President*) has already earned him a \$200,000 advance for paperback rights from the American publisher Bantam, while his Chris-

ian over seriously threatened, it is only when they make the final mistake—which Templeton has done only once—of taking time out of their breathless schedules to actually stop, reflect and think. It is unlikely Templeton will make that mistake again.

If water were horses legs, people would ride. These numbers are legends—all the people who could have written a book if they'd only had time, or would have been better than so-and-so on TV if they'd ever read, men and women who could edit a newspaper if only they knew the right people to get in. The difference between death and Charles Templeton is that, whatever he thought so, he went ahead and did it. And it began, appropriately enough, with a step of faith. The important thing to understand about Templeton's life is that working, absolutely nothing happens through the ordinary, plodding laying of plans. His path is diverted by coincidences and happy accidents. This has the advantage of making a man off to a more emboldened start at a new job than simply passing his personal interview at a human resources department. The first portent came at his bedside, age 19, by then, in spite of dropping out of grade 10, the difficulty of finding work during the Depression to help support his mother and family (his father had deserted the home) and only a year's vocational training, Templeton had established a budding career as an \$11-a-week canvasser at the Toronto Globe. Not satisfied with all this, his mother, who had converted to evangelism a few months earlier, urged her son to get down on his knees and pray to God to advise him. Charles did and God obliged.

"I felt as though a lamp had been lit inside my chest," he says, "and when I rose from the bed I felt somehow lighter." His Templeton could never do things by halves. He had been converted, now he had to convert. His career as an evangelist began in the little Toronto seat of the

Templeton in his latest incarnation: one of people talk good games. He plays them.

dian publisher Jack McClelland in blithely predicting worldwide sales of 10 million copies. Almost everything Templeton touches turns to gold, or at least works. His is the quasi-miraculous success story of the 20th-century pop-culture era: men with copious amounts of energy, ready and willing to pronounce on any and all aspects of human affairs, unhindered by self-doubts or a raft of knowledge. If their careers

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Church of the Nazarene and quickly moved onto the big-time American revival circuit. It also brought him almost exclusively into the company of like-minded people: fundamentalist Christians who lived frugal, abstinent and sang the Bible. "You've got to understand," explains Panto Ikeno, today a good friend of Templeton's, "that during his revivals when most of us were listening to Billy Goodman or making out in the back of cars and simply having good times, Chuck was sitting around furiously believing that death was mediated by a whole and that Noah put all the animals in the ark two by two."

By the early Forties Templeton had met up with a small-time minister from the Baptist Church in Western Springs, Illinois. His name was Billy Graham and together he and Templeton founded the Youth For Christ movement. It was a phenomenal success.

"There was nothing we couldn't do," says Templeton today. "We filled the Rose Bowl and the next day we filled the hockey arena at Chicago with stats on the ice and no standing room left. So I telephoned Massey Hall in Toronto and reserved it for



With Graham doing "Dialogue at Toronto's CKNV" a year for these seasons.

every Saturday night and filled it. They were hanging out outside. I just never realized there were things in life you weren't supposed to be able to do."

By the end of the Forties Templeton was known all across North America and Europe. He had married in exquisite Mexican style, Maria Christina Salazar y Orozco, who sang at his marriage, her pro-

cess still caught in the faded, photograph of the period, a beautiful woman with jet black hair and tremendously low neckline, a carriage outfit pinned on one shoulder and her elegant neck thrown back to reveal a necklace of diamonds glinting jerkily in the spotlight, revealing that moon-beams around her face. "I saw what you would call a nasty dresser too," raves her Templeton, wistful, a little competitive. "I never wore clericals and sometimes I favored a white suit, a double-breasted white

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a head-on collision in the pews and existing where about?" His occasional graces in these early days were said to be exaggerated ("a little bit person" remember—the fountain from the past was under the hill). In Toronto, where he took over the 1,200-seat Avenue Road Church and began with ten pews painted brown and lined with ink for collections and a Sunday intention of 12, he was soon doing double service on Saturdays and Sundays and still turning away customers. At the back of the church, a fellow Christian and good friend, Donald Sims, currently chairman of the Ontario Board of Theistic Enquiries and then a CEC intern, would sit with a CEC Bible Handbook and his own grade 12 education to correct Templeton's exegetical misadventures. ("Tonight I will just make a few preliminary remarks.")

By the early Fifties Templeton had made it to the other side of the tracks, religiously speaking. His three years at Princeton Theological Seminary from 1946 were to have dire consequences on his faith, but for the Church authorities they gave Templeton the skills and vocabulary necessary to enter the world of inner missions, inner children, and plus bargaining with God, dear to the more radical congregations of formal Christianity. Dr. Templeton (Princeton had awarded a degree for him from a smaller college into their own rules, awarded having downy degrees on failed grade 10 students) accepted an appointment with the New Britain National Council of Churches in 1951, and three years later he was secretary for evangelism for the Presbyterian Church of America. It was Billy Graham who was the first to see the danger signs.

"I'm worried about Church," he told Donald Sims. "It's beginning to get interested in Reinhold Niebuhr and Karl Barth" ("Billy" himself had taken steps to ensure that his own faith could not be so troubled. When Templeton decided to go to Princeton he asked Billy to go with him, "the Church" and Graham went with Templeton, "a head of the assembly here. I just couldn't go back to school in America. Now if you'll go over to England—Gordon and Graham—I'll go with you." He had lost his head to shake or the devil. But Church couldn't afford the high fees of Oxford and America was saved from an irrationally religious and Billy Graham.)

A little religion is a dangerous thing, it is a spirit of absurdity on the grounds of Princeton ("I lost consciousness and woke up wet, exhausted and filled with an overwhelming sense of some resistance") Templeton was beginning to lose his faith. "For the first time in my life I stopped to consider the intellectual basis of my beliefs." He was in the process of losing his professional competence and public credibility. His refusal to take the "love offering" completely donated by the faithful for the support of evangelical activities had prompted Tins to take a picture of Billy Graham carrying off his booty-filled

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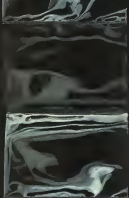
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mail bag need to a sub-editor and shared \$150 per week) Charles Templeton in the works was an offer to give Templeton the senior ministry at Manitoba's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church at 55th Street, just a walk's throw from St. Patrick's Cathedral. Such a posting would have been the summit of Presbyterian accomplishment—the New World's and New York's rock of St. Peter.

But religion is generally the preserve of the little educated or the supremely media. It is the in-betweeners who roll up as dragons. Templeton's learning—or rather his learning—never became sufficient for him to pursue it. As Cardinal Newman or Thomas Aquinas, the great unsung questions living built. He gave up. He believed in something but he knew not what, and all he could say was "Look at the beauty and the design of the universe," and then leave the church. He asked to do something more fulfilling, something he could believe in once more, and so, after a brief period at Don Jones' cottage on Green Bay, he began writing scripts for radio and television and working as an interviewer on producer Ross McLean's car show *Cleanup*. He had found a new purpose from which to construct his human condition. He would not again make the mistake of recording too deeply.

The more things change the more they stay the same. In the billiard room of his Georgetown cottage the 1977 Charles Templeton is wearing (at Mackenzie's request) of the early 1980s show he did back on the early 1980s for CBS. The show is called *Look Up And Live* and right now Templeton's speakers are dithering the sound, but the picture is reasonably clear and the young man in his late twenties like the screen with his real enthusiasm and clean-cut good looks. The manner away. Haughtiness does most of the evening, but in a dark, well-cut with precisely the right amount of cuff and a triangle of hundreds of showing, by now a new move than a baby's clothes.

"Heaven knows," explains a persuasive young Templeton on the screen, "how many people have planned for their future and then some terrible crippling sheets or some world catastrophe over which they had no control came and threw their plans out of the window. You just can't buy security. You see, you young people listening to me are the most important people in the world, first because you're young and the future is in your hand, and actually because you're American and God has put America at the heart of the world. Thus, seeing God's will, bring your life to him and live for him, daringly, adventurously, and change the course of history."

The screen fades slowly to black and the sound of General Chestnut Soldiers comes on using by the show's quarter The Four some "They were the first integrated group on television," says Templeton proudly, "it was quite a breakthrough."

If it is the tender of his voice and that

during of charisma—the real thing possessed only by the very few who can still a crowd of 10,000 with a steady hand—it is also the puppy-dog sincerity of his convictions that makes Templeton so compelling. *Dare to be great* is in his optimistic voice firmly focused on the temperate aspect of theology. "I never preached about hell because I didn't see the point." And when at 44 ex-militarist Templeton came back to Canada to start again, he began to live what he had preached. "You can't buy security," he had said and it was soon clear that he had no intention of even window-shopping for it. After co-hosting the car show *Cleanup* with Pierre Berton for two

years, he was offered months he had made up the headstrong slopes of The Toronto Star's progress to the post of executive managing editor. He left for a brief fling at Liberal politics, where in the space of 10 days managed to lose both a Toronto by-election and the Ontario Liberal Party leadership. But they were honorable defeats. Stephen Lewis of the NDP, it was said, had thrown everything into the by-election campaign against Templeton because Lewis' shrewd political eye had quickly spotted Templeton as the one man that might knock Ontario Premier John Robarts and his Tory Blues out of the placid Ontario waters.

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The leadership convention itself remains of those murky values that will no doubt be revealed in the upcoming memoirs of some senior Liberals before he passes on to the Great Liberal Caucasus in the sky. Insiders claim that the federal Liberals wasted nothing to do with the treacherous Templeton. A federal tour headed by Walter Gordon and Keith Dwyer ended behind the less-than-charismatic figure of Rudy Thompson and managed to keep the Ontario Liberal Party growing comfortably on the grounds of oblivion. (Andy resigned the leadership shortly after it fell. Templeton came within 57 votes of winning. Said Keith Dwyer: "He made the best political speech I have ever heard.") Said another Liberal heavyweight: "They were too afraid of Templeton's cowardice, his independence and conspicuous lack of political talent. They couldn't afford him."

But others couldn't of only briefly. Maclean's got Templeton in an editor for five months and he submitted his resignation on grounds of "repeated interference" by publisher Horner vice-president R. McEwen. "I have never held a copy job I have taken," wrote Templeton modestly in his last-page letter of resignation. He moved quickly into a burgeoning broadcasting career. On a recent, recent visit to current all documented in newspaper clippings and news announcements the logical natural extension of his evangelism. Out there, within radio and television, the head of a television set, with the people who had lived up to him from private, working long for the message he could bring them again. Capitalized moments just like the secret minutes he had been allotted every Sunday morning at the end of his own program *Look Up and Live*. Very soon Templeton had close to eight minutes on his daily morning *Dialogue* radio show with Pierre Elliott. And sometimes as much as half an hour on the various television programs he hosted for private and public stations. And maybe, if the public mind is to believe that he had "done" television and newspapers and religion, he could move into literature. Charles Templeton was very, very happy.

A good day's pay for how long a day's work. In the world of Maclean's, the only television

**With fellow Ontario Liberal leadership candidate Robert Laidlaw and Joe Bonomo in 1980, his last for the party's honour.**

station. Charles Templeton has abandoned his usual job as host of the weekly panel show *What's Fresh?* and is away in the great east. After his inordinance than in the films of his solid days. Several hair waves thickly back; the clear blue eyes of the evangelist burn brightly in their taciturn recumbence, and the dark suit is better cut, the patterned tie and quickly striped shirt more inviting. Charles Templeton is now an elegant dresser. Dismissed after his second marriage, it is evident something has settled comfortably in front of the camera, what it is that attracts women to him. If there is any flaw it is the vague feeling that nature has somehow protected the soul that before Aphrodite takes over, she would always be placed under the bed-side by side, that the loss of the Muse would have to wait for a fresh typecast of sibilant.

The subject of the show is Templeton's new novel, *Art Of God* and the panel of Paul Hellyer, television personality Leonard Thompson, Father David MacLean of the Roman Catholic Press Office and the Reverend Al Forrest of the United Church are upping water waiting for the tape to roll. It turns out to be a good show. Paul Hellyer becomes a little too insistent (pushing his point that the novel is a biographical and Laurence Thompson at some time sugar about it all, understandably, since he has not read the book but Templeton in top form. His eyes narrow and focus on the questioner, and then relax and allow his face to open up in the warmth of a smile. The panel starts fascinated by the story of his book *Art Of God* which revolves around the discovery of the bones of Christ by an archeologist, and the dilemma of a Roman Catholic cardinal on considering the consequences to the Church if this becomes public knowledge. The book is anyone's, highly readable and shows Templeton's increasing skill as a popular writer. In place it also bears more than a little resemblance to Robert Laidlaw's best-selling *The Gnostic Contenders*, although Templeton's book is written in a simpler style and may and even better.

After two shows are taped, Templeton goes into his car and drives back into Toronto. "My life is really quite simple now," he explains. "I don't work as hard as I used to. I tape the *Dialogue* shows with these three times a week. That takes about half an hour each session. I do the television shows on a Sunday morning every couple of weeks. I spend doing the other assignments. I'm only doing one television special this season for Ontario Educational Television. The rest of the time is made-up for writing and planning." Time to supplement what is estimated at a broadcasting income of \$350,000 or so a year. He sees people when he wants to. As often as he doesn't, and retreats north to the quiet and beauty of his Penticton cottage. He's only got an unlisted phone number. "I thought I owed it to the public to be accessible but you know some of the men in this world and one guy had a refrigerator sent to me. . . . I just had thinking of moving those floors down to another apartment in the same building. He'll just add the contents of his present apartment outright (\$35,000 for everything) and take his clothes and run. He's a self-sufficient man and that may make some people uncomfortable who like that companies to give away more of themselves or gather some more, but the portable life is just fine by Charles Templeton. He's a somewhat the kind of man who may suffer (as he did) great emotional distress over marital problems, but who has his psychological appointments around his broadcasting schedule or who makes the still of his agency the topic of his next talk show. There are no hooks to speak of around his apartment or his cottage (except foreign language translations of his own work), and his second wife claims that, although Charles told her he read, he never actually saw her reading. But that may be the secret of his success.

Whether as a writer, evangelist, or broadcaster, Templeton is in the realm of news commentators. At the same time, he lives in an age where plastic is exhibited in the Museum of Modern Art (in the name of modernity, we have long tolerated accommodation and self-expression for capitalism, and Templeton is merely supplying the demand. His task it to address the masses and their, more, or social philosophy, they're likely to think about them in Templeton's terms. Besides, not only for post-consumption but even for great art it seems necessary to have some re-facilitate greater than self-critical abilities. The brilliant French poet Rimbaud could never write a line after he was 20 because he could not meet his own expectations. Charles Templeton, who told us earlier, was the world the fighting against New World Socialism but not against Communism "because it's more humane" later confessed that he had actually never read

the works of Karl Marx—but would as soon as he had time if Charles Templeton really began to consider all the ideas about which he postulates on radio and television—the great issues of civil liberties, constitutional law, Aboriginal rights, metaphysics and ethical questions that have defined the greatest minds. He'd never have the courage or maybe even the time to write and to speak on them. Which would be a shame. Because Charles Templeton gives the reader and the listener value for their money. His presence on television channels hundreds of thousands of Canadians enjoy his work. Only a few believe it.

It would be a mistake to believe that Templeton's detachment have made and hints of greater depth. Serious philosophy, statements, lawyers, writers, those few whose minds are truly superior to Charles Templeton's, hardly know he exists. They are unlikely to read him or listen to him except while flipping channels by accident. They are certainly never critical of his books or his news.

It is the group position and position in the media who know of Templeton's existence. We know because we are in the same business and generally move on the same level of thought as Templeton, with one exception: we are less successful.



**The Rev. Chuck in '55: for an evangelist in little learning is a dangerous thing.**

# The World

## The shaking of the President

President Jimmy Carter has a credibility problem, but even open dis-trust him and with a little help from a friend he may have lost some of the nation's confidence as well.

He has been hit hard, of course, by Ben Lurie, the truly Georgian banker he appointed to run the country's budget. Lurie, who was forced to resign on September 21 when the Senate disavowed him, couldn't believe in his own cheque book, has exposed what many will see as President's double standards. In future, when the President preaches morality, he must expect a very little or two.

His first post-Lurie experience in this regard will come from the CIA, where a dose of the Southern Baptist purvey would do no harm. For America's network of espionage is in dire need of a shake-up. The President has been putting the thinking wheels to an excessive order designed to restyle and chart a future course for the beleaguered spy agency. He is expected to sign it before the end of September. It will set the spotlight once more on Admiral Stansfield Turner, the navy hero Carter has put in charge of the CIA, and it will once again bring into question his choice of senior aides.

Turner continues to stress good essential intelligence offices with his history books, plans to take some 800 senior intelligence officers out of 4,500. The firings will take place between now and October 1, 1978, creating a pool of virtually unemployed but capable spies. Most senior and skilled intelligence experts fear that some may become disillusioned and ripe for disclosure of intelligence secrets—as other CIA agents have done—or even for recruitment by the KGB.

Another unfortunate fact is a remarkably similar situation occurred in the Soviet Union after the bloody post-Stalin up-lift in 1953. The result was an intelligence haul for the United States which was directly traceable to a series of betrayal and mistreated top officials.

Originally, said to say by Lurie, Carter had planned to make Turner director of national intelligence when he signed the new CIA charter. But that would have required Congressional approval and the President was determined to take the risk that scandal-strewn skeletons might still be at the bottom of the CIA in response to the senatorial inquiry.

Thus, the "Lurie affair" has taken its toll. Turner will have no day-to-day control of the operations of the President's National Reconnaissance Office



Helms: If his cameo in Iran Carter would lose, and if he doesn't Carter will lose

which controls U.S. spy activities, the National Security Agency responsible among other duties for communications intercepts, or over the Defense Intelligence Agency.

Consequently, and unfortunately for him, the President is facing another intelligence dilemma: what to do about Richard Helms, who as director guided the CIA through some of its most disgraceful exploits—assassinations, attempts to overthrow governments, and illegal spying on Americans in their own backyards.

A subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has recommended that Helms be fired again, but only four days after he had been granted full amnesty. Under the law administered by the Senate (overseeing information), this is an extraordinarily difficult problem for the President. If Helms is brought to trial he may exact revenge by spilling all manner of scandalous past goings-on. This prospect is already frightening allied intelligence

networks which have close links with the CIA. As a matter of "Western security" Carter is being urged to stop the trial of Helms, recently ambassador to Iran (where the United States has some nuclear activity, but military necessity links with the Shah).

But when Carter might have gotten away with having things stop up before the Lurie affair he dare not do so now. So the highest Washington source predict that Helms will be officially charged sometime in October.

WILLIAM KONTOR

### PAKISTAN

#### Yesterday's villain

The martyr's crown sits badly on the head of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. But when the soldiers came again, only four days after he had been granted full amnesty, he had to stand before a military tribunal to find out how he fared from accusations that he had fired from the deposed prime minister could have no doubt about the past he had been assigned in Pakistan's forthcoming election.

In a way, however, the new arrest may

have provided some pain relief to the larger than life figure who is loathed by some, no less personally hated by others. It proved that whether he is finally permitted to contest the October 18 elections at the head of the Pakistan People's Party (PPP), or forced to look on from a prison cell, he can count on overwhelming both the public and future Pakistani politics.

For weeks, Bhutto has been hounded in houses, in cars, and in public, for supposed sins committed during his seven years of autocratic rule. In keeping with the regime methods he himself employed against opponents. When he was toppled last July, during Pakistan's third military coup in 36 months' time (following a bloody crisis set off by accusations that the re-elected Bhutto had stolen the election), the deposed Bhutto appeared to be a finished man. But as the charges against him began to pile up—they came from within through insider sources and graft—openly grew for him among Pakistan's poor. They felt, rightly or wrongly, that he was being persecuted for past misdeeds to keep the mid-September election from being Bhutto's lower ranked such prophecies that he appeared would a good chance of defeating the right Pakistan National Alliance (PNA) and sweeping back to power. But he proved it wrong in voting. It supported the military law activities as to the hard they had been playing against the Bhutto factor in Pakistani politics for four months. They would suffer the man only as long as they were sure he would go down to defeat. So back to jail he had to go.

If Bhutto says a prisoner, or even a detainee (the possibility cannot be excluded), the elections will be meaningless, like a book taking in central chapter. For all his failings, the man represents the single most influential force in Pakistan's politics. But he also indulged in some personal sins during office, and the demands for the political and military class has been how to break him while seeking to keep the democratic process alive.

Bhutto's dominance in a political force came as no surprise in a country where politics seems to be a permanent part of life. Two other examples: the leader of the opposition, Mirza Asif Ali Khan, is a former member of Bhutto's cabinet, and 30 years ago, publicly opposed the creation of the state of Pakistan, and the man most widely reputed to allow his way to the prime ministership should the PNA win by default. Asif Ali Khan, a 52-year-old, retired air marshal who serves every chance to declare that he dislikes the military.

This attitude is general among the politicians. The main aim just that the parties, which have issued a "good conduct" code for the free election, will be the violence could give the military a price for calling off the bull. More significantly, the Pakistan public that is just braved away, media-gone, and just before police stand to face Bhutto. It of office has had its fill of bloodshed. It

wants only to get back to business, whether that means living under one set of corrupt and self-serving political masters or another. So after this year's convulsive emergency, in which the constitution died and no political regulation was left unbroken, Pakistan will probably go quickly and matter-of-factly to the polls. If the winds do not, the shift toward the right on the Indian subcontinent, a strong sign that begins with the assurance of Major Indira Gandhi in Bangladesh and continued with the

## Ali Bhutto—in his own defense

Bhutto does a politician have to fight an election from jail? But that seemed the fate of Pakistan's former prime minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, behind bars for the third time in three months and pending trial. Are the charges against him justified? Does he still deserve the crown? In the trial, surely intended before he was reinstated, Bhutto answered these questions in his exclusive interview with *Maclean's* Peter Leach. They talked at a restaurant of soldiers kept as armed guard in the street outside the Lahore home of a friend with whom Bhutto had taken refuge after his release. The former premier was worn and exhausted, nervous, and his voice was frequently interrupted by the arrival of leading political figures who wanted to greet him. On each occasion Bhutto would stand, exchange a few words and find little time to say his own. When he spoke about past errors and hopes for the future.

**Maclean's:** How have your arrest and removal affected your chances in the forthcoming elections?

**Bhutto:** I've always had a hard case of support, but I'm confident that many time-offers will now swing behind me.

**Maclean's:** If you return to power, what will be your attitude toward General Zia-ul-Haq and others who engineered the coup?

**Bhutto:** I will not waste too whole episode of an old bed. There won't be any more. I will not waste too whole episode of an old bed. There won't be any more. I will not waste too whole episode of an old bed. There won't be any more.

**Maclean's:** Do you feel it is a pity? How are you treated in jail?

**Bhutto:** I've been treated like a martyr when I am sitting here in a comfortable air-conditioned room with friends. I won't speak of present about the conditions of my confinement. Other people have been to prison. It's not the end of the world.

**Maclean's:** What is the murder charge against you and why have you been charged?

**Bhutto:** As a lawyer, I'll have to say the case is so bad justice and cannot comment. As a man, I can tell you I was in no way involved in the affair.

killing of Mrs. Gandhi in India and Mrs. Indira Gandhi in Sri Lanka will have triumphed across the board. But as Pakistan is could press a triumph for confidence. The price to make up of nine months' parties which would together call the year for the single purpose of deposing Bhutto. Once they have, each party will probably start to grow strong again. *PETER LEACH*



Bhutto setting in to the martyr's role

**Maclean's:** But your federal security forces have been accused of some pretty bad things in your absence.

**Bhutto:** People have poured much abuse on my head in the past weeks. Not a fraction can be substantiated.

**Maclean's:** Even a lot of your supporters will admit that some integrity persons had gathered in your absence and that corruption existed in your administration. If you are reinstated will you clean up government?

**Bhutto:** There are no magical vision cleaners to clean up a badly political process. I have confidence, but I know it took place in my government. I'd do everything to rectify the situation, but I cannot guarantee that Pakistan will become a model of integrity overnight, certainly the occasion could not produce that. I must be patient.

**Maclean's:** How have events in the past six months shaped your political thinking?

**Bhutto:** The situation is so unsettled that I can't draw any clear lines. I wish less professional judgments. Anything in the past six months could prove the wrong I might be arrested again. I could be deposed from running on a technicality.

**Maclean's:** On the coup d'état or on the new Pakistan is a huge setback?

**Bhutto:** I certainly don't see how it could have enhanced Pakistan's image. What I will say is that military rule weakens a nation's life and leaves a wound of three bones. We had three wounds with martial law in Pakistan. On the two previous occasions, the wound was not fully healed and turned to a civilian government to heal its wounds. This will happen again next month. Only a democratically elected government can lead Pakistan out of crisis.

# People



Sherrylin: a little less Carolina sailing

On the second last night of Toronto's Festival of Events (see page 70), Russian director **Larissa Shepitkin** was expressing both postmodernism and sadness over the sad loss of the audience that attended the gala premiere of her film *Amor*. She was wondering why North Americans were not as appreciative of major Russian films as Russians were of North American films, which she blamed, not on the lack of widely distributed in the Soviet Union. She prompted director **Norman Jewison** (*In the Heat of the Night*, *Paddy on the Loggia*) to disagree gently. One of his films, he said, had been seen in the trunk shown to the audience that night, but never put into distribution. Not only that, but he never got his prize back. The film? *The Russian Connection*. *The Russian Connection* is coming.

At first, which the winging of **Gerhard Taylor** to contribute to a actual on helicopter safety may seem to be incongruous. He has, over the past 15 years, been involved in no fewer than 11 major crashes. But Taylor, a Calgary pilot, has been asked to participate in the updating of just such a manual, one he helped prepare for the Alberta Society of Private Pilot Geographers six years ago (He has declined. "I've said everything I want to say.") In any case, the responsibility rapidly descends when you realize that Taylor has walked away from all 11 crashes—the last helicopter he ever flew in crashed one year down in flames a third left-hand winged in the back for three days—each resulting more serious than a broken tooth. "The machines are very safe," he insisted, to occupants reflexively cringe. After all, I'm still here.

Novels like Charles Tompkins's *Art of God* and Ian Stiller's *Temple of Knowledge* Canada is not yet a country noted for pop or genre fiction. Which may explain, at least in part, the overwhelming absence of immigrant immigrants for a Nova Scotia writer named **Spider Robinson**, even when he won his genre's highest honor. In early September Robinson was presented with the coveted Hugo Award for 1978, for his science fiction novel *By Any Other Name*. (The novel is a condensed version of the first five chapters of Robinson's just-published novel *Teloposch*, appeared in an American sci-fi magazine last year.) That Canada has this Hugo winner is undoubtedly not the best of our immigration department. Robinson is an American, though three years ago he had immigrated years ago, against such logic as "there are no employment opportunities for writers in the [British Columbia] scene," said were there "job opportunities for self-employed writers" (sic).



Robinson: on honoring a desirable alien

New York City's Democrats didn't want **Rube Akers** as their mayoralty candidate and with that rejection the hard-driving, ambitious former congressman's political career has been indirectly suspended, if not finished. However, the city may have a new life in an actress. **Otha Prossinger** it seems suggested he might have a part for her in his next film, *The Numbered*, set in Israel. The question is: was it just party booster or was the proposal for real? Akers apparently was quite intrigued, but Prossinger seems to have cooled. In any case, Akers, who has been in business for 10 years, is publicly more noted for her beauty than her looks in showing a flash of glamour. She is **Francesca Scorsone**, one of the great glamour photographs, "do her over"—beautifully for *Good Housekeeping* magazine.



Akers, before and after (Scorsone too, who isn't just another sexy alien)

# Root, root, root for the home team—but bet, bet, bet on the point spread

Sports column by Martin O'Malley

In the Toronto movie *Rootball*, professional teams represent corporations, not cities. After a century of urban education—job transfers, new schools—fans don't care a hoot for the glory of Toronto, but they do care for the play-by-play of the Toronto Ex. Loyalties have switched before, from factories to schools, from schools to cities, from cities to corporations (as in soccer and, more recently, hockey). The switch now is motivated by that oldest of passions: greed.

It is a shock to all that at first in the lead in last season's *Regatta* Taylor Field, looking for the Toronto Toronto Argonauts. It could be because he grew up in the shade of the Glendon Expressway but more likely it is because the Roughriders are eight-point favorites and he has \$50 on the Argos. The 1977 football season is increasingly dominated by that obscure but critical statistic known as "the point spread." (If Saskatchewan were to lose their eight points or lose seven on Taylor Field a \$50 bet.) It is not just how you play the game, whether you win or lose, but by how much.

The point spread bet is the standard bet, the kind you make with Vegas. Key or a local bookie or even at the legal window in Las Vegas. There are all sorts of bets to make, however—two-team parlay, action parlay—and at some places they make half bets. My worst experience betting on football was in Las Vegas last October. That Monday night the bet was not for one team or another but on the total score. The "line" was 40 and you could bet "over" or "under." If you bet over you were betting that the total score would be more than 40 points. If you bet under you were betting that the total score would be less than 40 points. (If the total score is 40 it is a "push" and you just get your money back.) I bet under and it rained the rest of the evening, clearing for—nothing at all. I wanted the bet to rain somewhere between the 40-yard line. I checked for nothing to happen for an hour. It was exciting. Any time a score went up on the board, I checked. The bet ended disastrously with three touchdowns in the last five minutes, ending the total score well over 40.

With its methodical, multi-minute rituals and its hushed, hushed process, football is the ideal betting game. One that could have been invented by a bookie. Fans who don't know a quarterback from a cornerback play their money on the underdog ("making the points") or the angry. Houstonians who find the game itself boring to watch is a



Lansdowne under the weather: for the better, it's not knowing who's best that's best

just, finally by making a bet and cheering for the team with the highest points.

No sane estimate is possible, but the amount bet on football games in North America easily is in the billions, enough cash to finance a Manhattan Valley republic with enough left over to decorate with paid players. Sports leagues in Las Vegas will take bets up to \$10,000. I checked with Der Spencer of the Standard in Las Vegas and she said her hotel would take a bet of \$250,000 on the Super Bowl. You can make Super Bowl bets at the start of the season, giving 3 odds on Oakland Raiders 3-1 on Minnesota Vikings 1,000-1 on Tampa Bay Buccaneers (which means for a merely \$10 you stand to make \$10,000). Most football bets, perhaps 95 percent, though the media realize the extent of betting and liability, provide the early loss from Las Vegas report on key reports—a crippled Ron Lancaster's loss certainly would affect any spread for Saskatchewan Roughriders—and the football books before weekend games move and move back like the push-and-pull for local racetracks. Where to place bets becomes the problem. I have never bet with a

bookie directly, never even met a bookie but up until this year there has been a difficulty finding a friend or a friend of a friend of a bookie. Part of the shame of the thing, especially for a sedate middle-class, is to realize that these are big numbers.

How does a bookie make money? He charges about 10% for handling the bets, a fee called "vigilance." And he manipulates the spread. Las Vegas Minnesota Vikings are favored by eight points over Green Bay Packers. If too much money is bet on Minnesota, the spread is increased to nine points, or 40 points, whatever it takes to achieve a balance. Usually, the bookie wants \$10,000 on Minnesota and \$10,000 on Green Bay, which allows him to open out winnings of \$200,000 and pocket \$20,000—a nice profit for one game.

Most experienced bettors, however, avoid Canadian Football League games because they are too unpredictable. Dr. Igor Kanyeva, a professor of psychology at Toronto's York University and an expert on gambling, says betting on CFL games is "like betting on cheap chicken dinners." Anything can happen and last year's Grey Cup champion often becomes next year's doorman. On the other hand, teams in the National Football League are and fall in the standings like parade floats. The fans from Las Vegas also a more reliable, and the game is more readily accepted as a betting game, with such refinements as minority group bets for the media.

Legal (legal, moral, immoral)? I don't care, not with the push-and-pull in the track, and the million-dollar bets, and to increase the stock exchange. I gave up on football a long time and I rediscovered it as an adult through a friend of a friend of a bookie I never met.

# The wronged man

The press savaged Sam Fuda. Now it's his turn

By Barbara Amiel

Toronto resident Salvatore "Sam" Fuda is 42 years old with a working hairstyle, three children (the eldest in Toronto's catholic suburb Upper Canada College) and a tendency to lose Mediterranean temper. But he has been their first parent with the slightly suppressed wit and a conservative blue and white striped shirt, he looks pretty much like what he is: the boy from Italy's southern region of Calabria who came to Canada 34 years ago and made a million or so in real estate. Sam Fuda is also a worried and harassed man. This week he is launching what his lawyer Edward L. Greenstein describes as "the largest libel suit in history against the press." The suit will name as defendants and sue in every major city in Italy. Action is also expected against other media outlets of the civil national news.

Fuda's story has implications beyond the personal battle to clear his name of allegations of improper business dealings and Mafia connections. A campaign, begun by the left-wing Italian press radically against Sam Fuda, has escalated into a full-blown campaign against Canada. At stake are millions of dollars in contracts for Canadian new materials. Italy is one of the few countries where the balance of trade in our favor, exports to Italy in 1978 totalled \$345 million against imports of \$363 million. If Italy's creditors prove true, this way that trade could be reversed.

Fuda's Italian dealings began shortly after a 1976 conviction that charged the Fuda family of Northern Italy. More than 1,500 people were killed, close to 40,000 were left homeless. International aid poured in.

But the minority Christian and Democratic government of Giulio Andreotti was still losing under scandal surrounding the massacre of bodies from an earthquake 10 years ago in Basilicata. Millions of dollars in international reconstruction aid for (Catholic) Italian banks in Italy had politicians on housing on the way and Fuda from the proceeds of one earthquake to the next.

"What...one civil servant...will we do if the Communist get in and outflow control?" Handling the aftermath of the Fuda earthquake became a matter of pride and survival for the shaky Christian Democratic government. The appointment of the respected Giuseppe Zamberletti as deputy minister entrusted to be in line for head of the Security Police to supervise the Fuda family was intended to avoid the corruption and bribery endemic to doing business in Italy.

Since the 1977 power-sharing agree-

## Un misterioso emigrato calabrese propose le baracche del Canada

A Udine si indaga per accertare se alla base dei delatatori risultati due « affari accademici » e Toronto vi sia un altro caso di buoni « affari ».

**I portuali di Genova Zamberletti non voleva l'intermediario vogliono il collettivo che entra nell'affare delle case canadesi**

Indagine sulla G2, all'origine della vicenda Fuda, si è aperta in provincia di Udine. A Torino è in corso un'inchiesta.

**Realista come il "Corriere Della Sera" l'ingegner Zamberletti non voleva l'intermediario. Il suo caso refere a Fuda come "ingegner-mercenario" e l'altro caso ha visto l'intermediario che aveva avuto**

ritenti con l'Italia. Greenstein says (which had picked up approximately 33% of the popular vote) the Christian Democratic vote was at its lowest. A scandal of major proportions could push it over the edge.

News of the Sam Fuda affair gained momentum. It was believed this scandal would be a "Fuda Case."

The affair began when the Italian government authorized for London to construct temporary housing in Fuda's Fuda residence. He had made his money in Canada by buying and renovating old properties in Toronto's College-Dufferin area. His first time came in the early Seventies when land prices were rising. By 1975 he was a wealthy real estate position as he bought for bank loans of close to two million dollars by such reputable firms as Banca and Enze in London. Greenstein thought he had achieved success in a property enterprise he wanted to break into the international field as a promoter and of his was short on experience, he was long on contacts. He had to sell a lot of money in the G2. He intended the plan to an asset when it became "too big for me to handle." He tried to raise a \$100-million highway project in Italy but was unable to raise the money.

The Fuda project was a new scheme. He proposed the purchase of prefabricated units from the Calgary-based company

A.L.O. Though the Italian government had specified that preference was to be given to Italian and European firms, A.L.O. was selected to supply 1,000 of the 20,000 prefabs required. Later on many questions would be asked about the Italian government's sudden change of heart in favouring the offer to award a contract to a Canadian firm. But whatever A.L.O.'s tactics in getting the contract (a judicial enquiry uncovered no evidence of losses of knowledge) its people would be able to make a second bid and high quality construction (see box). With water coming in it took A.L.O. only 25 days from the October 25, 1978 signing of the contract to completion.

The summer of 1977 passed with only the occasional mention in Fuda's Basilica. The political situation was not convulsions. A highly publicized press report the Christian Democrats were not suitable after the scope of a noted Nazi war criminal and American turned as Fuda who seemed to be corrupt had sparked a judicial investigation. Then on September 3 the left-wing press in Milan splashed the first story on Sam Fuda. For the next two weeks, Fuda and A.L.O. would dominate the Italian press.

On Labor Day September 3, 1977, Sam Fuda's phone rang early in the Forest Hill, Toronto home. It was his sister calling from Maria Jones in Calabria. She was at home. Her house was under siege by friends and strangers asking about their newspaper stories of her brother. Fuda had been introduced. Later the same day he was in the office of his lawyer Greenstein. An initial press release was issued. By the



Sam and Antonietta Fuda in their Toronto home. (The photo is copyrighted by the author of this article.)

end of the week the stories had not died down but gathered momentum.

Though details varied from paper to paper, the story was consistently the same. Salvatore "Sam" Fuda was an Italian-Canadian member of the Mafia with a criminal record and was well known to both the police and the Canadian Embassy—as well as the Andreotti government. To allow him to be involved in the Fuda project was to give evidence of malfeasance by Italian authorities. The September 4 edition of *l'Espresso* described Fuda as "the corruptible gentleman with the big nose" travelling about with "a certain Argentine

who travels with all Italian Italy." Other papers headlined such stories as "A Mysterious Emigrant from Calabria Proposes the Houses from Canada" and included more details of his pleasure trips with a woman by the name of Antonietta. Said Rome's *Fausto* "Mr. Fuda with the shrewd stare and chivalry suit and all ways with a bottle of grappa seen here so much so that he was baptised 'Bacchetta' (little glass)." Finally an Italian newspaper published the statement that a letter number 90786 had been sent by the Italian Ambassador in Canada, in Italy warning of Fuda's notorious character.

As the stories multiplied they were picked up by daily and financial papers in Paris, London, New York and as far away

as Australia. In addition to the personal attack on Fuda, charges were made against A.L.O. alleging shoddy workmanship, leaking roofs and overpriced homes that reflected a bubble in their high cost. A.L.O. officials were outraged. They claimed that any leakage was the result of faulty construction by Italian army personnel, although the 1977 A.L.O. annual report claimed 10 Italian army members had been trained in Montreal by the company and an Argentine was sent to Fuda to supervise construction. Later on A.L.O. complained the contractors by saying the on-site supervision consisted only of a dozen A.L.O. factory workers sent over to Fuda because they happened to speak Italian. Still no official complaints about the quality of housing have been made by the Italian government to A.L.O. and Domenico Spina, president of U.I.M., Fuda's capital city, abandoned any problems with the A.L.O. houses to bury as quickly by non-experts working in adverse weather.

The allegations against Fuda were countered by his lawyer Greenstein. The *Montreal Star* noted that Fuda had no record in Canada. The Italian Embassy said that no leaks or information of any sort about Fuda had been sent to Italy. Further investigation revealed that, according to one Italian police official, there was no Salvatore Fuda connected with a Canadian Mafia family. But it was not Greenstein's client Sam Fuda. As for the mysterious woman Antonietta—that was easily solved. In 1958, Sam Fuda was married to Antonietta Accorci. She was 17 at the time. Now three children later she is a beautiful enough to catch the eye of journalists. As for the constant demand Fuda has been a divorce for the past eight years and claims he is unable to touch alcohol. He is also a newspaper.

As the Italian press became more hysterical, the tone of the stories became more clearly anti-Canadian. A.L.O.'s name was mentioned and the headlines referred only to the "Italian Canadian houses." There was a deliberate ploy here. A popular Italian song called *La Canzone del Canada* is all about the emigrant's dream of a little house in Canada surrounded by fishes and flowers. The threat to future Canadian trade was emphasized. The Italian press in Rome in the *Stampa* and *Fausto* were the first to name Fuda's name which made a handful out of a perfectly ordinary trade union branch in Calabria by a group of Italian officials. The top was paid for by the Branch Columbia Branch Council of Foreign Press Industries which had indicated that it would be cheaper to give the favor of a few Italian officials to the than to the U.S. Press and houses for display in Italy. Said *Fausto* "Sam's company." The people involved described themselves, but the fact has been confirmed: the trip to Canada was made and it was paid for by the Council of Foreign Industries. The paper went on to explain how after news of this put out those involved were careful to show on a map of Canada how far away British Co-

bertha was from the Montreal factories of ATCO. *Peter Sava* was not mentioned. "The real reason for the trip is to put forward the proposal of a mass expropriation of Canadian wooden houses to Italy."

What was behind the virulence of the Italian press campaign? Explained Don Iannone, former editor and publisher of *Comlink*, Canada's (the largest Italian newspaper) in Canada: "The Italian press was one of the best in the world. But it has become politicized. Today news is a tower of Babel and fiction. It's a tragedy. The left-wing press wants to cut off trade with the West and encourage trade with Eastern Europe. As for the conservative *Stam Fadda*, it's the opposite."

In an editorial entitled "The Wounded Scandal," *Comlink* Canada's assistant managing editor Sergio Tagliavini attacked on the theme: "All business deals with the Eastern bloc pass through agencies which are predisposed toward Berlusconi and friends. Round-table conferences are used to maintain the party apparatus."

Said it took the CBC to bring the worst aspects of Italian scandal expropriating in Canada. On Friday September 8, it did walk out of the house to find himself confronted by a CBC television news team headed by Jack Ferguson. The reporter and cameramen followed Fadda to his offices on Toronto's Kew-Forest Avenue. Ferguson recorded the introduction to his report that ran both on the six o'clock and 11 p.m. CBC national news. Broadcasters George Maclean introduced the story of the "sensation of the week."

Reported Ferguson, "Italian police now allege that Toronto businessmen in San Paolo and Calgary company called ATCO are involved in the scandal. The key to the scandal that has been brewing in the Italian press for more than a week, now a San Paolo. This company have submitted phone numbers and a book of society for research his operations. As the scandal was about to be exposed, the Italian government suddenly decided to decide to decide Fadda's part in the project. It's all very clear why. But there are suggestions that Fadda has underworld connections in Italy."

As the scandal does this. An ATCO company official said today that they now with they never got involved with Fadda—the Italian newspaper deal."

It was an extraordinary report. Fadda's main company, Groupage Developments Ltd., through which the ATCO deal was negotiated, was listed in a *Yellow Pages* listing behind Ferguson and the phone number could be found on page 713 of the Toronto Telephone Directory. In a telephone conversation with Merivine Ferguson explained that the Italian police had recently said "they were interested in looking into everyone connected with the Fadda deal." Ferguson claimed the book-shaking allegations came from "some Italian newspaper" but pointed out that he himself



though all the Italian papers were largely untrue except perhaps *La Repubblica* and he didn't know which papers had the allegations. He pointed out that he had cited up-

The scene in Friuli just after the May, 1976, earthquake—corruption potential

his report by confirming that the Italian police had said they could find no evidence of links between ATCO, Fadda and the Italian authorities, which was in direct contradiction to his opening statement to victims.

Said Jay Scott, president of the international division of ATCO: "Fadda personally very well under extremely difficult task constraints. We have no alternatives."

As for Fadda's "robust role" in the contract, this was no mystery. After his initial press release to the Italian government, the contractor had simply decided to bypass him and contract directly with ATCO themselves. This is fairly standard in government dealings: they don't see the point of a middle-man. When ATCO accepted the eight million-dollar contract, it issued a \$1.8-million subcontract to San Paolo to provide electrical and plumbing equipment for the kitchen and bathroom of the prefabs. Some Italian newspapers are now publishing versions of the allegations against Fadda and ATCO. But if you drag enough mud-suckers of it, it sticks. Whatever may be revealed about the dealings in Friuli, to date nothing could justify the mud thrown at Canada, ATCO and San Paolo. The incident is a good example of how the press can contribute that often conglomeration itself on being the conscience of a nation, even when politicians (or merely, careless), damage the reputation of individuals or entire countries.

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# The Wild West Show

Riding the circuit with the cowboys of summer

By Tim Naumetz

It's Sunday morning, and summer is in its stride in hating the grime. The wind sometimes whips a cool relief from the north country but now it's a hot dry blast from the south pressing you against the burning earth, blurring the dust to needle your eyes. At the Brangogh rodeo arena, the stiff breeze whips the tiny Argentine flags that two young Saskatchewan men are using to prize surrounding the air on. One as a leader, the other supporting him, they look like men riding the American soldiers who played the Sam and Stripes on two Jims during the Second World War. "These kids look 'em down last night. They really go for these American flags," says the younger man. He appears slightly embarrassed to be waving so many American flags, though disinterested, on Canadian soil.

But it's rodeo time in the west. Brangogh's stars arrive. The flags stay up, fluttering symbols of cultural defeat. There are teams to be rode cowboys to be thrown, and the riders and ropers drink back and forth across the 4th parallel line remembered more loose in this prairie breeze. In Brangogh, Saskatchewan, 30

miles north of Montana's border, the flags might make some of the cowboys feel at home. More likely they will comfort the American spectators who drive north to watch what layed wranglers would 600-pound men to the dirt.

The rodeo season in Canada now peaks too early in March and runs until early November when the sudden-death championships are staged in Edmonton. Much more even than in the Calgary Stampede captures the urban imagination, but such small-town rodeos in Brangogh's still shape the sport's backbone. All summer the event runs a south across dozens of prairie communities in southern Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, dragging with it a social life as rough and raw and American as the chrome Ford logo welded on the front bumper of a pickup truck. But, because with dark red shoes of steel, muds and on rodeo, but pushing and just plain ball-running on weekends. Although rodeo officials balk at the association with the United States (they prefer to call the game "North American"), in many, rodeo and their lifestyle symbolize a cultural affinity with the west north of the border, decrying

political ties with western Canada.

It's a popular sport in the west. This year nearly two million Canadian fans will be drawn to the drama and the fragrance of fresh horse dung. 600 cowboys are galloping toward one million dollars in prize money in 74 rodeos.

Brangogh has been studying itself for several days and as the sun sets the afternoon into a boiling oven the cowboys start flowing into the town. The young riders roll in first, register at the stampede office, then swagger into the first club where one of their greets and not yet mounted. But the Cheyenne manager "How far is it to Brangogh?" After a few nervous laughs the neophyte riders gulp down their hamburgers and Coke and leave, to return in time of the post hall. Some say they're here because it's a convenient stop between larger rodeos but the prize money, \$500 up to three ways in each event, "isn't too hot."

Then, in a cloud of truck fumes and fireworks, the red professionals arrive. A line-up back to Trukin and jeans up around their loins. Only one sports a slicker. It's been a long hot drive "Mya loo."

They say from their last appearance in Montana, Montana, five hundred miles of prairie sky and black pavement. Some of them flew into Montana from Ogden, Utah, and hunched a ride home. They'll be gone as soon as today's events end, headed for another arena in Red Deer, Alberta.

Casualties—dead, it seems, quite naturally—they travel together, some like partners, some like competitors. They even ride each other in the rodeo, coaching and cheering. Many of them own ranches in the state west of Alberta. Among them are such names as Phil Dine, president of the Canadian Rodeo Cowboys' Association which regulates all the professional rodeos in Canada, Clark Schloesser, third highest finisher in most wrestling in 1976, and Les Phillips, fifth in calf roping. With them come a team, Bess, but year's all-around rodeo cowboy champion. They have been at the top of the heap in Canadian competition for the past few years. Most have been riding for more than a decade and together they look like the older sons of a proud minor league hockey team—rugged, tanned and not quite brightening in pursuit.

Late in the evening down a few cool ones in the parking lot, which has been made into an unlikely beer garden for the day. It's there that Bess reveals some of the country mystique of rodeo cowboys. He broke his first horse when he was 12 years old and has been in rodeo out of the arena ever since. He's good at it and rodeo life has been good for him. He has avoided serious injury and the perpetual "beards" have been lucrative. In 1974 Bess traveled to Africa to appear in a rodeo commissioned by the Zambian government. Recently he worked for Robert Altman when the American film maker shot *Bullfight* and *The Endless* on the plains near Calgary (for \$700 a week plus expenses he spent three months teaching Paul Newman how to make a Lippmann soufflé). He appeared on Peter Guber's 90 Minutes Live! television and pocketed up \$300 for the all-time All-around, but just, he won \$13,000 in rodeo prize money—in about 100 scattered days of riding. When not riding, the Pringle, Alberta, cowboy is restless driver on an Indian reservation near his hometown.

Bess is impatient with the popular image of the sport. "They haven't made a rodeo cowboy an athlete in a movie or anything like that. You know they always make him a long-guy." He believes rodeo cowboys are no different than any other athlete. "They love having a drink or probably women and fun. There's bad guys in my business, but a rodeo cowboy's an athlete. (day)"

Cowboys like Bess are a farthest of the cowboy in their towns. He considers the sport "western North American," originating in the United States. Although once of the Great Canadian Identity Search (he says he's "proud to be" of the Calgary Stampede, the world's largest rodeo) Bess believes Western Canada, like

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the United States West, has little in common with the industrial East. He's worked such cities as Montreal, Vancouver and San Francisco—and as for Toronto, with the crowd he met there indicated an "up-town scene" too.

Here in Bengough, on horse range, radio organizer Albert Sherlock has been anxious about the rodeo that's scheduled to swing to a start at 10 this evening. The roiling side of his town's cultural life has encountered misfortune in the past few years. For two seasons hopes for a successful stampede were washed away with sudden rains that poured down in late May. Six years ago the former manager of the Bengough rodeo rode discreetly into the sunset leaving the organization on the financial brink of debt. It was feared so change in scene to the Big Muddy Stampede and bring in new management to lure back cowboys who were shy of him like him from a town drunk. Sherlock has been squinting radio dials in between his regular ranch chores, and this afternoon he's wondering whether his labor will pay off.

CRAWFORD Regan, the biggest cowboy and western star in western Saskatchewan, has dispatched a mobile unit to lead the publicity blitz against the cowboy run-down of the top 20 country and western radio are short interviews with Sherlock recorded live in the dry goods store. "Well,

folks if you're looking for a good time this afternoon, just get yourselves on down here to the Bengough rodeo in Bengough. Why don't you call today and see what's what and bring home and what else you got going for the folks down here. Albert?"

Sherlock's efforts are rewarded. As the afternoon slowly shifts into early evening local farmers and ranchers pile into town with their families packed inside Chevies, Buicks and huge crawling Ford's. Teen young girls in Levi's even appear when these the cowboys wait, tension up and down Main Street passing in front of the pool hall just long enough to raise a few eyebrows. A blonde, suburban boy in a hat has pinto down the street to force a look with the young riders. And on the rodeo grounds the first chicken stand is up and hot.

The wind shifts to the north and gains strength. It drives the dust into 2000 eyes gazing in interest in the cowboys. Like any other in his life, warm up behind the dunes. The horses, fiery and snorting, are whipped into their circles. The American flag flutters and suddenly the crowd gasps, in a moment they still to see Tom Blevins fly out of chute number four, heaving and looking a home that looks as if she won't get well the cowboy heads into the Saskatchewan.

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# Education

Are Ontario's universities becoming, once more, haunts of the very rich?

Last spring, Pam Carter, a biology student at the University of Toronto, and husband Peter, a history major, decided only one of them could afford to return to school this fall. While they debated who would go and who would bring home the pay cheques, each sent a separate application for financial assistance to the Ontario Student Assistance Plan (OSAP). The applications were processed independently and returned. Pam received no money at all from the federal-provincial plan. Peter was awarded a loan of \$1,000 plus a non-repayable grant of \$1,650—the province's assessment of his needs with a working wife. "We'd already decided Peter was the one," says Pam. "But applying separately like that showed me how arbitrary the whole thing is—and unfair."

Accessibility. Who gains admission to the gates of higher learning. In 1965, before student aid existed, 20% of Ontario's university students came from families in the bottom half of the income scale. By 1976, that figure had improved a mere 7%. Now, after more than a decade of piecemeal revisions to an ailing plan, Ontario has unveiled the skeleton of a new provincial student aid plan to take effect in the 1979-79 school year. More details are expected, but already student leaders have expressed fear that this new plan could be even worse than the old David Martin, a researcher with the Ontario Federation of Students, says that at first glance the plan denotes a return to a "privileged university system."

That much is clear: the province plans to ask some students and their families for as much—likely in the form of unpaid tuition—as income tax records to verify before making an aid decision on student aid applications. Also planned is a new grants program which will run side-by-side but independently of the existing Canada Student Loans Plan. Harry Pearce, Ontario's Minister of Colleges and Universities, says Ontario plans to multiply educational grants to students after a six-year period, most likely the first undergraduate degree. Students who wish to continue their studies will be forced to borrow all the necessary funds—many thousands of dollars—on top of the \$4,000 debt already incurred in the undergraduate program.

The last proposal has captured the most alarm. Says John Tuohy, president of the University of Toronto's Students' Administrative Council: "It will really make professional schools the preserve of the very wealthy or the incredibly lucky." Martin

agrees: "Professional faculties and graduate schools, which require a first degree for admission, are already underrepresented in lower income students. If [parent in serious debt] makes the problem worse."

In post-secondary spending, Ontario has little to brag about. In the 1966-67 school year, the province was under one in Canada in dollars spent on post-secondary education per student. By 1974-75, it had fallen to eighth place, well behind its long-noted promoters. In terms of spending per student, Ontario slipped from first to fourth place over the same period. Don O'Connor, executive secretary of the Ontario-based National Union of Students, notes Ontario is tougher than most in applying the federal government's rules for obtaining a student loan. "They consistently give people less than the federal criteria provide for," he says.

Pearce's recommendations to OSAP will mean a major, late-year review to cuts that he regarded to a report submitted in January by the province's Income Committee on Student Financial Assistance. Many student leaders are disappointed that after two years of study, many of the province's recommendations were rejected as too radical and expensive. Paul Aulford, a committee member and graduate history student at Toronto's York University, calls the new program "a patchwork solution. The government is trying to fit a very fancy program into the same budget."

Martin points out that Ontario has consistently underpays its budget for student grants. Last year, when between 6,000 and 8,000 students were refused assistance and others accepted by less sufficient funds

as million dollars of a budgeted \$60 million in provincial grant money were back into the kitty. Over the past six years, \$20,330,000 or about 12.5% of a budgeted \$160,190,000 has been left unspent.

"The regulations are such that students don't qualify for the money," says Martin. The new scheme is also a reaction to public pressure to halt cheating on student aid applications. There are a lot of people who bend my ear about other people who are cheating," Pearce has said. Yet many officials point out that much of the so-called cheating is built into existing regulations. A student unable to find summer work, for example, is expected to contribute the same amount toward his first year as who earns \$5,000 over the summer—a rule which results in overpayments and which the ministry says it wants to change.

If, in all, happens student aid is now a low-priority item along with post-secondary education in general, one result is likely: a university education will become even more than it has been a prerogative of the wealthy. Already, however, a serious lack of summer jobs has left many young people without funds for university. At the same time, university more than a Ontario have been raised to \$770—the highest in Canada. Not surprisingly, university enrollment has fallen short of forecasts and it's probably the parent kids who have opted out. "Where you study any people are not returning to school," says O'Connor. "Students to always the dominant reason." Adds Tuohy: "The new program may make things worse. I may be wrong. I may love what the government ultimately has to offer. I hope so, but the truth is, I don't see how it can be good."

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# Law

## In defense of the planet Earth

One of the most dubious privileges once exclusively enjoyed by the wealthy was the prospect of being slowly poisoned by one's heirs. Democracy has abolished that privilege and even slow death by poisoning has become a public infirmity long ago—at least since 1976, to judge by the most recent findings of the Canadian Environmental Law Association (CELA). According to its book, *Public Poisons*, due to the released acids, the wastes of power contained through food, air and water by the average Canadian has increased more than 30 times a year that date. It is growing with the addition of more than 500 new kinds of poisons each year.

The public is well acquainted with common industrial poisons such as lead and mercury. But it's hardly aware just how extensively unknown others such as radon and DDT, and of five chemicals specially noted in a poison added to common foods such as risk and chocolate merely to create the high coloring that advertising has made consumers demand. However, even if people learn that their daily bread could send them reeling, like guests from a Berlin banquet, capitalism has taught them a not to expect the public to react by demanding reform, disavow action by government. And no one expects less than John Swagins, the 33-year-old lawyer who's prosecuted many and government both. "People don't get upset unless they feel personally threatened," says the well-mannered Swagins, most senior of CELA's three lawyers, who work only on environmental law. Along with readers' societies, perfume manufacturers and writers like Mary Lee Goldfarb, author of the popular book they lobby at the Ontario legislature, educate the public and media by writing books such as *Environment On Trial*—which comes out in its second issue this month—and keep their fellow lawyers up to date by publishing the country's only environmental law journal, *Small wonder* the seven-year-old Toronto-based organization is described by its adherents as "an enormous mental cupboard."

Swagins finds that the public policies formed most often for help with small local violations, the heavy lead-pipe factory that was keeping a whole block awake, the lady driver of a Cadillac who crashed her sub into the road once too often, and the contractor who took years off the life of a century-old tree by dumping chemicals. The neighbors, the road and even the tree finally weep.

On occasion, people turn to CELA as a last resort where government agencies have



Swagins: The law as an art form.

failed to help them. In the notorious case of a lead smelter that had been belching poison over the yards and children of a residential Toronto neighborhood as long as anyone could remember, the radiation contaminated to government for at least two years. It took CELA to break through the logjam of indifference, in 1974, by applying the pressure that led to the second war work order ever issued in Ontario. "There's no point going after Band-Aid solutions," Swagins continues after four years in the courts. "You have to go after the system that creates the problems, and that means going after the government." His resolve has yet to be assuaged by the sting that CELA derives the bulk of its income from the Ontario government, rather from research grants in thorough legal aid which great individuals and residents' assistance the funds to go to court—a process that can take years for even the wealthiest. Even so, CELA's lawyers received more \$11,000 per year, a salary below the national average.

Protection of the government is inevitable because, says Swagins, "the agencies government sets up to regulate businesses end up becoming machines to protect business." Despite his 120 pounds, John Swagins has no qualms about showing his heavy intentions by jumping up and down on the mattress, or doing something like it if the press is watching. "In silly cases, the press is stronger than the judiciary," he says, pointing to CELA's role in the last Ontario election in June. The campaign swarmed along without unusual allegations were made that Waste Management

# OPERA'77

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Inc. had paid the Conservative Party \$35,000 in return for donating portraits in New York and Maple, Ontario. When a sister William Davis moved quickly to settle the issue by appointing a royal commission to investigate the charges, Swagen kept up the pressure by leaking information to the press. "We made it impossible for Davis to make the terms of the commission as narrow as he wanted—so narrow as to be pointless."

In August, Swagen had to watch closely as Environment Minister George Kerr put the Environment Minister's Act through the paper shredder. CELA had been fighting for two years to give the legislation substance, and 32 changes it wanted were made—making it what Swagen calls "one of CELA's greatest achievements." But the government left itself a loophole big enough to drive the Darlington nuclear power project through a loophole that, in effect, let the government ignore environmental assessment on any government project it chooses to exempt. If the public indignation had been greater, Kerr would have been forced to permit assessment of the Darlington project, Swagen claims. "But it would have been a show trial. Five years' documents that prove the project would go through, regardless of the assessment found."

For CELA to find itself on the receiving end of government action shows the respectability the organization has acquired



Outbridge: the secret of the secret

since 1970, when it was spun off, red hot and eager for confrontation, from the already famous Politicon Probe. An employee of the environment department was allegedly made "the good old day" when CELA "made it like the Wild West around here" by constantly attacking the ministry. "They once sent the minister a letter that ordered him to produce a file within three hours of receipt of this letter, or we will take the sheriff and no-neck your office and bring the prize along."

Now, there are enough lawyers on CELA's board of directors, including former

president of the Conservative Party, Edie Goodman, to staff a brasserie corporation. Secretly within the government are so many surprised that CELA is still in Outbridge, caused for a host of CELA adventures (including Toronto Smelters and Refiners), doing on their behalf for free "I guess he wanted to wear the white hat for a change," grins Swagen.

Outbridge is going before the Ontario Municipal Board at the end of October to keep the 75-foot sheer drop of the Elora Gorge, west of Guelph, from being eroded by a bridge that principally would serve gravel trucks. "CELA is absolutely necessary," says Outbridge. "CELA can keep the private honest with its environmental legislation. If politicians do choose to ignore, can be nothing more than a cover-up." Outbridge's wisdom "I don't see such strong language—nothing more than a pulchritude."

If CELA's road to respectability is now really paved, so one there is deserved about the almost impossible odds of the environmental cause. Victory is in low, and now is all or none. When the residents around the Toronto lead smelter finally saw government action, scribbles were added to the red ink stacks to remove contaminants. They proved to be so loud that they caused some pollution a removal. "It is a long-term proposition," Swagen says softly "but we do win more than we lose."

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## Theatre

A little something for the foreign trade

The reviews were encouraging. "And what a joyful surprise," burred *The Toronto Star*, "especially in relation to the... added the *Star*. *The Globe and Mail*, employing rather more caution, advised that this is a curious play "That's curious," wrote critic John Finkel, "in the most sense for the most part."

Ticket sales were encouraging too. In a city where theatregoers avoid themselves lucky if they play seven days a 605 company, *The Primary English Class*, an Open Circle Theatre production about five new immigrants attending their first English lesson, tickled up an impressive run. From its opening last February it has played eight performances weekly in 975 audiences. By the end of August it had grossed \$100,500—a \$94,500 jump over the combined grosses of the two most recent Open Circle shows, *The Hearing* and *The Blood Knot*.

But to some disgruntled theatregoers who caught later productions with new cast lists and forced from less than "a joyful surprise" (the play began at New Theatre, moved to Toronto and is currently at the Bayview Playhouse) the question is why? What does such success say about standards in Toronto? The answer is that *The Primary English Class*—written in 1975 by New York playwright Israel Horowitz, performed for four months during the 1976 off-Broadway season—does not have anything much to do with theatre standards in this city. It seems to have succeeded because, says director Ray Whitley, it offers instant identification for the thousands of Torontonians who have had to attend classes in English as a Second Language, and who enjoy seeing the situation—which includes an bilingual teacher—done as a send-up.

Mr. Chou groups sketched the earlier performances on music and saw the actors speak in German, Chinese, French, Italian, Japanese and Polish among other occupations arranged outposts for contemporary residents to whom theatre in this city had, until now, been inaccessible.

With accents achieved by elopistic, wadded gestures, and heavy reliance on racial stereotypes, a common language becomes unnecessary as understanding it is, however, Whitley admits, "not Mander."

But then, neither is Mander included in Open Circle's self-imposed mandate. Formed in 1973 by Dublin-born Whitley, the company specializes in shows with occasionally weighty political and racial overtones. "I try, he says, "to act as a mirror on issues relevant to people's lives. We



The kids in the 'Class,' Vincent Marino and Melissa Aronson (rear), Melissa Aronson, Leri Tan Chien and Thomas North does anybody here speak the language?

examine a situation and reflect it back to the public." Plays and musical documentaries have been produced on such themes as the judicial system (*The Hearing*) and pollution (*Down on the Island*) and the Toronto Island residents problem (*The Harbour, The Harbour, My World*—not topics likely to draw mass audiences).

*The Primary English Class*, it says Whitley, "is a whole different kind of hit. It's the first time we've done a commercial play. That was a warm joke, and it's almost the audience. When they leave the theatre, they realize 'Hey, that really wasn't very funny at all.' But they have been seduced into laughing at racial slurs and recognizing their own prejudices."

Whitley is setting up a second company for a six-week tour of classrooms where "low calling card" will be the ethnic community, and is delighted that the Canada Council is considering a national tour with emphasis on unification of the country. He also hopes to run in Toronto until the end of October. "We're pinning it in the best sense of the word," he says laughily. "It's not my favorite show but it would be silly for us to just throw it away. You benefit from the money, and go on to do other things."

SANDRA PEREIRA



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## Films

A tale of two festivals



A sudden passion for film festivals has revived this silent of years among eastern Canadians: rivalry between Montreal and Toronto. At least that is how most of the Toronto press has perceived the attempt of each city to establish important world-class festivals of film, television and folk.

The given takes, Toronto's *Festival of Festivals*, and Montreal's *World Film Festival of Canada*, reveal what the two cities now seem to have in common: Post-millennium. Mix liberally with competitiveness and this bubbling brew, if we're lucky, could mean festivals that evoke the same pride as their hometown hockey teams.

Toronto staged its first Festival Of Festivals last year, led by Bill Marshall, now famous as the producer of the notorious *Overnight*. After a stint at the States as a producer (the garishly sentimental *Pink Flamingos* or *On Campus*) and a period during the Seventies as chair of Toronto Mayor David Chisholm's economic may blyhoos, this son of Glasgow looked about then and dreamed of crowning Toronto's new home-town status with a grandly played film festival. His hope was unimpeachable and his timing was right. Toronto's box-office dreams had become ingrained in the affairs of film financiers and new tax concessions had brought producers and movie stars running to the city. Last year, despite Jack Nicholson's failure

Winkler and Marshall, if it was stars the movie wanted, it was clear the media got

to appear, Franco Marzetta and Oliver LaGrange did and the festival was a qualified success.

Meanwhile in Montreal, Serge Loughe (man/Atlantic man/show-biz), had been cranking his own film empire at Concordia University where he ran cine-fests and once stood a silver-plated, made male student in the main lobby in a publicity stunt. Loughe is said to pride himself on his resolute loyalty to the patron of *Napoleon Bonaparte*, which brings on his office wall and, like his sister ego, he also dressed a great dream: to create a film festival that would rival the post-glories of the Montreal International Film Festival which ended in an unseemly blaze of subversion and squabbling after Expo year, 1967. He succeeded and in last August said cries of "Good play" from Toronto, a supposed neo-naught Montreal greeted delegations of press and influential critics from France, Italy, London, New York and Berlin. Gervais, walking around movements intended to grace the scene. Legend Bergman opened the festival, his Germentine worthy of the Swedish royal family. Howard Hawks was there, a stoic-looking figure of Yankee romance, who became righteously indignant at the mention of that "dirty, obscene film," *Slap*

Shot ("I've known many money players and they don't talk like that!") The obligatory set tables was provided by the Japanese film *The Kiss of The Gods*, a story about a gruffa girl of 1,000 multiple organs who dreams to please a man with the cure of a permanent erection. She finally breaks the two that bond by strangling him during intercourse and then removing the offending organ with one swift cut with a food chopper. *Go ahead*. The debate notwithstanding it was not "Should it be censored?" but rather "Is it Art, Pornography, or a big joke?"

The Canadian critics clearly demonstrated the disconnection now kinds of bad is well as good movies that Canada has developed. *Bad, Badly* *Harvest* set on the actor fence after a western gain harvest but failed. Canadians are starving. The actors must have been starving too as they constantly fell to their knees, snore their brains and rolled their eyes in heaven as playing one another for and *Lebanon* is still alive and well in Canada. *Slap* *Tower*. A first feature by a talented Vancouver screenwriter, Zolt Dolen. A dramatically unimpeachable set horror story of a bad date collector for a science company.

On September 5, Toronto's Festival of Festivals began its something like secrecy, so far as public awareness went, but open-sight made up for the lack of pre-festival publicity with the premiere of a very

couple Canadian film from Quebec, *J. A. Martin*, photographer, fresh from prizes in Cannes and immediate long-run box-office success in Quebec. *This Academy Award* prospect is an exquisitely photographed lyrical hymn of praise to what director Jean Beaudry calls, "the grandmothers and wives who made Quebec." It produced first night of success, a spontaneous ovation by a Toronto audience.

Bill Marshall's group has been granted a degree of unusual tolerance, knowing the obviously unimpeachable quality of the Toronto press. The first invited guests turned out to be not-yet movie stars: Wit Cherkas, the seven-foot Czech still handsome but on loan looking for a custom-made film at Quebec, and Henry Winkler (aka Fonz of television fame). Marshall's purpose was to obtain the sort of space usually given to out-of-town celebrities who visit Toronto for no stated purpose. It worked. Winkler's royal passage around Toronto was lavishly covered by Toronto papers and tv in the rest of the festival was not.

Last in the festival, however, film celebrities became so common that a tight grip had to be kept on champagne glasses to avoid spilling them on the likes of Christopher Plummer, Elliot Gould, Peter O'Toole, teddy-eyed Donald Sutherland or Celine Dion, extravagantly stay in high high cavalier boots.

Agnes Varda brought a brilliant group

of films from France. *Slap Tower* was rushed in from Montreal to repeat its success success and unimpeachable film discovered Gilles Carle's *La vie au nom de Bernadette*. Other film included the invited brilliance of Terry Radcliffe's *Joseph Andrews*, a robust, earthy romp through the country life of cholera, best-selling Englishman in the 18th century. *Amor-Magnum*, as Lady Booty, holds her own among some of the most humorously stylish of British actors in this outrageous parody of a more period style and manner. *Leaves* could be the comically hypocritical Russian film *Stone*, a crushingly sincere and totally unimpeachable parody of all Russian films about the impet Second World War. This film tribute to the Soviet personality cult of the Unknown Soldier laudably depicts him as a later-day Jesus Christ with shining halo, blood hair and great physical traits. Big Brother seems to be alive and haunting the studios of Moscow.

Montreal and Toronto can both congratulate themselves on the success of their festivals. Any organizational problems have been strictly minimal. It is a mistake to suggest that two or more film festivals in Canada were to one day finally duplicate in our historical habit and geographical proximity. In this case, a mutually expressed passion for their most provincial and universal of art forms: film, can only help create common cause. JOAN VON

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# Books

Morley Callaghan . . . now in age he buds again

CLOSE TO THE SUN AGAIN  
by Morley Callaghan  
(Newman of Canada, \$9.95)

The house is Toronto's stylish Renaissance section is overgrown with weeping and stambly beauty going its own way. On the porch a middle-aged umbrella waits hopefully for rain. The whole effect recalls of Central Canada's Renaissance of a Man of Letters. Far enough, this is the home of author Morley Callaghan. Across the street the \$200,000-plus house has been reworked with electrically moveable and sculptural bridges. "The space-and-age people are moving it," grumbles Callaghan, raising the cover of a yellowed volume to reach a spent couple got out of their new car. "Well, I don't like it." From the grape fringes on the study ceiling, two crows dart happily over the chandelier of glass-fronted bookshelves. An Auntie Warner doth of Callaghan, and still and fading phase of Callaghan's wife, Lucette, with compact Thelma hair and the spirited good looks of an F. Scott Fitzgerald modern woman. Sitting now, 45 years later, is their living room, curiously smoking and wakening material part of life, she could still get away with appearing disappointed from a new man slipper.

Age, it seems, can sometimes have the best things in people understood and often manages to get rid of reader's more parts. So it is with Callaghan's writing. His seventy-fourth year is his eighty-fifth year—Close To The Sun Again—with some of the best writing he's

Callaghan: saving the best for the best?



ever done. Now the spare precision of his first short stories has been translated to novel form. The result is a book consisting of shorter than the ordinary 350-page copies of *A Passion in Power* or *The Many Colored Coat* but one that better concentrates attention on Callaghan's struggle of storytelling and the play of human passions while leaving less room to reveal his weakness—a regular answer to essential moral questions.

In some ways *Close To The Sun Again* is a departure for Callaghan. The hero, the Greene, more often known to The Commander from his early days at sea, is a Rube Royce and what away from the disappointed lives of most Callaghan figures like Harry Lane or Kap Calley. Greene is taken the glory, intensely being world of the honey set with their unmarked clutter about how to run a good machine and their unmarked anxiety. "Good heavens, Harry Redman is so serious. I could tell by the feel of his fingers on my arm."

Are these people who really matter like that? One has to take the word of Callaghan. "I know these people," he says with a wicked little smile and will say no more. But part of The Commander's story is who set in the bleak and divided world of the Second World War at sea. It is as the memories and shadows of these continuing experiences that the Greene's human darkness and desire can be found.

Callaghan's solution is in Greene's deathbed and weeping a painful fact of our passage at the key to life. That's all very well (and probably true) but readers may feel we've known what it does the world go

round all by ourselves. What we want to know now is a little more about the why of it all. Still, one reads Callaghan not so much for his insights as for the sweep of his writing. And in this book it has never been more eloquent. "How do you get the literary effect on page 261 of *The Many Colored Coat*?" asked critic Edmund Wilson once in a 1961 telephone call to Callaghan. "Well," replied the author, "I cut off a lot of this and a didn't feel right so I did it all over again and cut a little and it seemed better."

The truth is that good writers rarely know. And now, as Callaghan begins his next book (he won't say what it's about), we must be prepared for more baffling literary effects. For unlike writers such as John Steinbeck who had their their best bolt in the time they had become an institution, Callaghan evidently belongs to that other group led by Joseph Conrad and Lampedusa Del Vega, for whom age alone did not confer wisdom or talent, but did permit it to emerge. The proof is *Close To The Sun Again*. **BARBARA KIEHL**

## The first to fight

A POLITICAL MEMOIR  
by Walter L. Gordon  
(Macmillan and Stewart, \$15.95)

Walter Lockhart Gordon is one of those rare figures in Canadian public life who has deliberately cut off what Don Quixote disdainfully called "the melancholy bugle of vanity" to wage a lifetime crusade against foreign investment. His autobiography, *A Political Memoir*, documents the achievements and failures as he finds himself in a position to discuss only by his own hand.

As a royal commissioner, as Minister of Finance in the early years of the previous administration, and as a grand explorer on the reform side of most issues, Gordon's personal life has always been in a state of principles instead of power or status. Ever an outsider among those senior rulers of politicians who populate Ottawa's back rooms, he embodied what George Orwell called "the lonely little orthodoxes of politics." If he proposed more than he was able to dispose, it was because his ideas recognized too few boundaries, seeking in one generation to replace a system that had spent decades setting itself to the highest bidder.

A deer among wolves, Gordon took off at place in politics. The memoir's best chapters deal with his encounters with the mundanity of Ottawa's bureaucracy. Like most of the products of his time and class,

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Macpherson's Gordon: the true believer

Gordon subscribed to the creed that reasonable men reasoning together can solve any problem. "The mature man," Walter Lypperson, the dean of the school of thought, once advised, "takes the world as a cosmos and remains within himself quite unperturbed." Of his sad fate, John Diefenbaker, who had been quoted as stating that Walter Gordon "killed" him, Gordon writes, "I'm certain I never said I hated him. In fact, I do not believe I have ever said I hated anyone. I do not use that kind of language."

Gordon has followed in his view of Lester Pearson, though he finds it hard to forgive him for breaking the promise of commitments made to him but back-stabbed in 1967. But he's unrelenting in his single against American encroachment on our economy and our lives as men but has been generous in his beliefs in progress for buying a book. Raised from active politics for most of the post-war decade, Gordon is now chairman of Canadian Corporate Management Ltd. but remains an important figure wooed and courted by the power brokers of the Liberal Party.

Gordon emerges from his maelstrom as an attractive, compassionate individual, whose antiauthoritarian policies in life, for an important moment in our history, the resurgence of his country. It is only in retrospect that Gordon's endless search for Canadian independence can clearly be identified as the expression of group level of his deep personal belief in freedom and the luminous words of the Canadian experiment.

PETER C. NEWMAN

### Mentioned in passing

THE ICE AGE  
by Margaret Orville  
(McGraw-Hill/Penguin \$11.95)

The English will like to talk and casually ramble. Auping, talk and rambling.

are the stuff of Double's latest (he already has them on *The Midwife* and *The Menstrual Cycle* to her credit). Her characters are in the middle of a universal freeze, her images for the Sereas. The Sereas have propelled them into middle-aged dead-ends—into heart attacks, hospitals, prisons before and behind the Iron Curtain, only inside their own heads. But too many events take place before the book begins and two thirds of it is spent looking backward while the narrative stops and cannot advance. Thus suddenly the characters leap into life, goaded by the context in the sick of time. Or maybe not. They have changed nothing in the end, the snows of yesterday have expected to ice.

### AT RANDOM: THE REMINISCENCES OF BENNETT CERF

(Dutton House \$14.95)  
If you remember Bennett Cerf as the man with the blond grin and incense as a poet, or an idiomist, what's *My Cerf*, you need your perspective straightened. This book rounds passionately his wit and years as publisher of some of the best women America or anywhere else produced. Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill, William Faulkner, W. H. Auden, George Bernard Shaw—Cerf's list was immense. On the basis of the Modern Library he built his publishing empire (founded in 1916 for \$40 million). Born rich, he died comfortably silent, hardly rich. But his unexpected talent lay in the sensitive handling of words, accommodating their complexities and excesses, which were formidable. From Walter Luter's passion to the deprements of Moss Hart, *My Cerf* is filled with chat, anecdote and vivid recall. Utterly fascinating. (KALVIN WEINSTEIN)

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6. *The Emeralds*, Tolson (3)
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8. *Child Of The Morning*, Gorge (3)
9. *Tokyo*, Usher (3)
10. *The Pick An' Different*, Atwood (1)

- NONFICTION
1. *The Book Of Lists*, Whitehouse (1)
  2. *Whitman's Wholeness*, Walker (2)
  3. *Looking For Far*, Ringer (2)
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  10. *Wholeness*, Atwood (1)
  11. *Majesty*, Lacey (1)

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# Television

How vast can a wasteland get? Watch and learn

This fall in New York, where the Nielsen rating is a super deity and television rarely king, the three American networks are like priests in offering super-natural reward sacrifices in their quest for the final years of grace: number one in the ratings. In this, surely the most competitive television season ever, Nielsen is out, and in to add the wilderness is back in full force. In Canada, as the U.S. network publishers delight in pointing out, there are no Nielsen homes. Thank God for that. We get our share of dandelion-like *Amos 'n' Andy* Show (premiering to be divided) and the new CBC sitcom, *Catnip Pie*, is appealingly silly. But recently we had the shattering *Alphaville* starring the enigmatic Donald Sutherland, and among the scheduled "Superstars" on CBS is one: *The World Of Winston* (October 13) that is quite original. At least, heavy programming (at least) at the mercy of a computer program.

AIC, the traditional third network, as the new season's American favorite and, you can be sure they mean to stay there. That's why they've dropped Soap, a soap, today new sitcoms into their prime time schedule and why they threw *Washington: Behind Closed Doors* the 12-hour recycling of *Washington* (as reported by John Herkenham's novel, *The Company*, as that last read in a cocky pretentious manner). In a world where networks are wily and programs are sleek, *Washington* was to be so grand, anyway. It didn't work and CBS threw away their precious schedules and saved a barrage of special events, some as many as two a night—so here off the AIC comparison.

When the networks men had finished counting, NBC was still number one—by a long way. They had spent \$7.5 million on the new series, *Lawrence Sanders*, and the network was still number one. And each of the other networks sacrificed \$15 million in advertising revenue by selling space for commercials at previous rates. Clearly the order of the day at AIC is money at any price. At CBS and NBC the battle plan is identical and the two networks are squabbling over each other to avoid the geography of financial death. NBC already fired president Robert T. Howard and president Robert Winkler's job at CBS is clearly on the line. Each web is wildly trying the ratings program book—superstars that can be doled into the subplots at the drop of a percentage point, and planning specials, events, and mini-series designed to out-stunt the competition. Among them, an *Earth In Space* is a report dramatization of historic *Robert's* novel *79 Park Avenue*, *The Godfather* Saga



Linda Carter as the new, improved "Wonder Woman" (above) and Pryor on the QM, (improved recent comic fuel) fuel fuel

(Parsons) and two plus additional features) and a sustained revision of *The Mob*.

There set 21 new series this season plus four that have been renewed by the introduction of a new character. Here are some of the highlights:

■ When *Andi* Fox married in NBC's *See-You-And-Say* he complained bitterly that his dressing room had no window and which stole him away this season, has given him that and more: an hour-long variety show—*The Real Fox Show* (Thursday)—that is direct, funny and topical. Fox has been left with a pupa hole which hasn't been plugged by *The Richard Pryor Show* (Thursday) or *Saturday Night Live* (Friday), a mini-attempt to explain away Fox's defection while recycling the oldies and some of the old, most notably *Louise* (Pryor) who plays *Edith* (Kris Kristofferson) she is *Summer* in her guest appearance.

shows on *The Real Fox Show*. Pryor seems determined to give the biggest hit even over *Real Fox*. The lights in jokes and scenes so alarmingly talented and most that they wouldn't be tolerated if Pryor were a white comedian.

■ Now that *The Merv Griffin Show* is happily moving roadside, the exposed spawls from the original series are appearing. *Wasserkrieg* (Monday) (CBS, Monday) status husband Joe, but with the dubious taste of her interesting mother played by actress comedian, *Henry Walker*. *Betty White* has her own series—*The Betty White Show* (CBS, Monday)—about a middle-aged actress making a television comeback in a series directed by her ex-husband. The movie between husband and wife says Betty, "The most interesting thing he ever said to me in five years of marriage was 'Am I too heavy for you?'" and the days at this keep the show stopping along.

■ In another return, *Low Grier* (Ed Asner), after being fired in new director of the Minneapolis TV station, and having lost 40 pounds, lands a job as copy editor of the *Los Angeles Tribune*. *Low Grier* (CBS, Tuesday) isn't meant to be funny and it isn't. Nor is it very good. Even before the first one normal *Grier* is building with the Tribune's publisher, a tough-minded lady who wants to print race news and her sporadic, over-enthusiastic managing editor. *Low* always was a liked has better when he was fat and fat.

■ The only new police show is *COPS* (CBS, Thursday) an acronym for California Highway Patrol. It's full of motorcycles, fast cars and male bonding. *Star Trek: Enterprise* ("Punch") is gorgeous and has a sense of direction that is almost as good as any other on TV. It's meant to be a star but the show never gets out of the first year.

■ Television knew about kids and science fiction before the movies invented Star



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